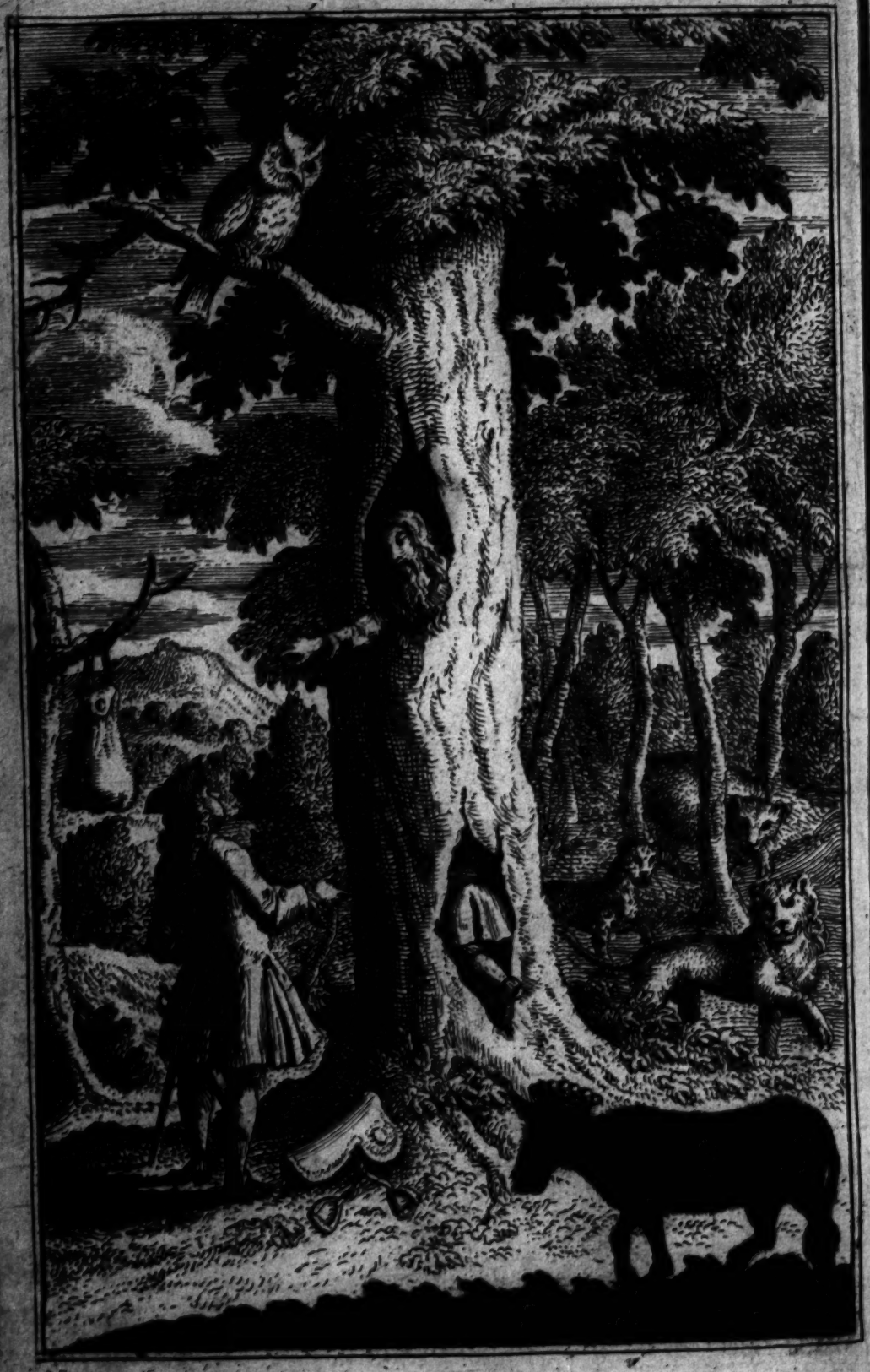

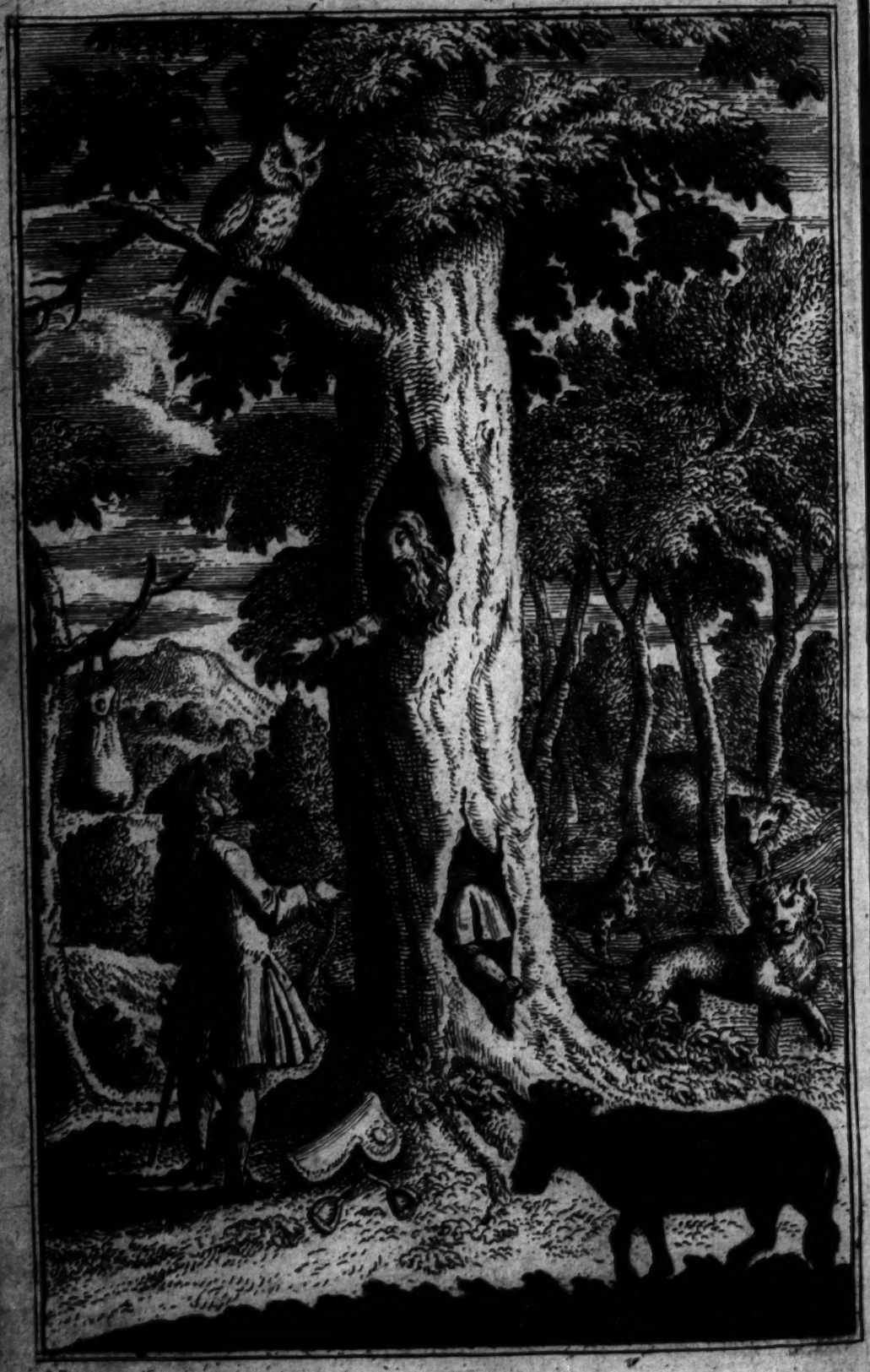

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THE Lawyer's FORTUNE:

OR,

Love in a Hollow Tree.

A

COMEDY.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by E. HILL, near St. *Paul's*
M,DCC,XXXVI.

THE

LAWYER'S FORTUNE:

OR

Love in a Hollow Tree.

A

COMEDY.

MUSEUM

44

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by W. Nutt, near St. Paul's

TO THE

RIGHT SENSIBLE

THE

Lord *FLAME.*

My LORD,

BEING about to publiſh a new Edition of this moſt incomparable COMEDY, we were not willing to ſend it abroad naked, as it has always hitherto appeared, but to cloath it in a rich Dedicatory Veſt, and trim it up with a few Marginal Notes; and being thus equipp'd, to whom ſhould it pay the firſt Viſit but to your Lordſhip, whoſe Friendſhip it is impoſſible to doubt, ſince the Sentiments of that and your own are, in all Things, ſo nearly allied.

B+

DEDICATION.

AND if the Love and Affections of Men are to be conciliated by a Similitude of Parts; and if, as Sir *John Falſtaff* ſays, the Prince in the Play, loved *Pointz* becauſe his Legs were of the ſame Size with his own, your Lordſhip muſt needs pay a tender Regard to a Hero who walks in your own Poetical Stilts; and whoſe Head and Brains are exactly of the ſame Dimenſions.

I am,

Moſt Renowned SIR,

Your Lordſhip's

Devoted Servant,

The PUBLISHER.

THE

THE PREFACE.*

PRINTERS *at* London, *like* Taylors *at* Paris, *ſhould be the only Men valu'd and careſs'd for their Riches and Merit, ſince we ſee every Day publiſh'd ſuch a Croud of Pamphlets, of* The Art of Pimping, *and* The Folly of Prieſtcraft: A Vindication of the Tackers: Receipts to make

* The great Author of this Play, being above the mechanical Taſk of an Editor, it is ſaid, truſted the Writing of this Preface to a Poet of an inferior Claſs, one BAKER, Author of a Comedy, call'd, *Tunbridge-Walks*; and indeed, any one may ſee that the Preface and the Play are not at all of a Piece.

make Puddings; *and* The broken Words and interrupted Sayings of a Dying Noncon, who was a great Pains-taker to no Purpoſe: *Beſides an infinite Number of News-papers, ſpread upon Coffee-houſe Tables, like Linnen that's laid a Drying in the Quarters of* Moorfields.

Scribling is a Diſeaſe as peculiar to the Gentlemen of England, *as the Itch to the Lairds of* Scotland, *a Clap to the Marſhals of* France, *and the Dry Belly-ach to the Deputy-Governor of* Jamaica. *And whereas other Countries have a Remedy for their Diſeaſes, ours is incurable; for the College of Phyſicians are moſt ſeized with it themſelves, and, inſtead of curing, have given it half the Nation.*

But, of all Kinds of Scribling, ſure Poetry is the moſt unprofitable. He that writes Faction, is certain of obliging a Party, and hopes Preferment. The Fellow that vindicated the Tackers, may rival the Mareſchal de Montrouville, *when Perſecution comes in vogue, and* Engliſhmen *loſe the Senſe of Liberty: But he that writes a Play, expoſes himſelf without any Advantage, to a parcel of ſleering Critics, who wonder at any Man for attempting ſo difficult a Buſineſs, and are only diſappointed when*

when he ſucceeds in't. I muſt confeſs, 'tis very hard to write well; but when a Man has an Itch at Scribling, the World muſt allow it much harder not to write at all.

How this Triſle will be receiv'd, Dr. Trotter, *who for a Shilling anſwers all impertinent Queſtions, had not Skill enough to inform me; 'tis therefore ſubmitted to thoſe Gentlemen who have Judgment to diſcern where a Thing is well ſaid, will conſider 'twas wrote only for an Amuſement in the Country and never intended for the Stage, and candidly excuſe abundance of Faults they may juſtly find, thro' the Unexperience of the Author.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

VALENTINE, *Son to* Bonona, *in Love with* Florida.

FRIENDLOVE, *a young Country Gentleman, in Love with* Candia.

CONSTANT, *a young marry'd Gentleman.*

SPRIGHTLY, *a Gentleman cheated of his Eſtate, Pretender to* Clara.

WEALTHY, And WISEMAN, } *Two old Country Juſtices.*

LATITAT, *a knaviſh Attorney,*

Major SLY, *an old-faſhion'd decay'd Gentleman.*

LET-ACRE, *Steward to* Bonona.

WOMEN.

BONONA And FURIOSA, } *Widows of good Eſtates.*

FLORIDA, Furioſa's *Daughter.*

CANDIA, *Daughter to* Wealthy.

CLARA, *Siſter to* Conſtant.

FAVOURITE, *Houſe-keeper to* Bonona.

Guards, Country People, Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. *A Country Town.*

THE *Lawyer's* FORTUNE, OR *LOVE in a Hollow Tree.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Country Town.*

Bonona *sitting in a Chair, with a Table before her, Accompt Books, Pen and Ink.*

BONONA.

DOST hear, Maid? call *Let-acre*, and bid him bring his Accounts of my Stock, and send in *Favourite*. *(Exit Maid.*

Enter Favourite *and* Let-acre.

Bon. Come, *Let-acre*, let me see the Account of my Stock without Doors. Read first the Account taken last Quarter.

Let. Imprimis, Two Saddle-Geldings, one breeding Mare, three Colts, one Market Horſe; in all ſeven Horſes. Now in my Book of Receipts there is 14 *l.* enter'd, receiv'd for one Gelding which was ſold; ſo there muſt be one of the Geldings left out now. (Bon. *writes in her Book.*) *Item*, Fifteen Milch Cows and a Bull.

Fav. Poor Bull, but alas, poor Cows! (*Aſide.*) Ay, one Bull, that's the Reaſon we have ſo many barren Cows every Year.

Let. There was one Bull kill'd at *Chriſtmas* for entertaining the Court of Aldermen, and there's a young one comes in this Year. (*To* Fav.) In my Receipt-Book for this Quarter there's received 13 *l.* for three Cows, and there's three Heifers that have calv'd, to come in and ſupply their Places. In the Expence-Book there's one fatted Cow killed, ſo there will be but fourteen Cows for this Year.

Fav. Ay, you'll bring them to ſeven at laſt; and yet, if we buy Butter or Cheeſe, I know who ſhall hear of it then. (Bon. *writes in her Book.*

Enter Valentine *with a* * *Hawk on's Fiſt, a Hawking-Bag by's Side, a Boy leading two Spaniels coupl'd.*

Bon. Had you any Sport, Son?

Val. Yes, Madam, I had a good Flight of a Pheaſant Cock, that after my Hawk ſeiz'd, made Head as if he wou'd have fought, but my Hawk plum'd her preſently.

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* *As great Merit muſt always draw much Envy upon itſelf; it is no Wonder that the Author of this Piece ſhould create many Enemies, who uſed all their Arts to depreciate this excellent Performance, among the reſt one was, to hire the* Stroller, *who acted the Part of* Valentine *at* Windſor, *in the late Queen's Time, to bring in an Owl upon his Fiſt, inſtead of a Hawk.*

Let. A brave Hawk, indeed, Maſter. But wou'd I had her Head off, for he breaks all the Hedges in following her. (*Aſide.*

Val. Boy, let go the Dogs, and caſt my Hawk on the Perch. (*Exit Boy.*

Bon. Come, *Let-acre*, let's go on.

Fav. The laſt Mutton kill'd was lean, Madam, ſhould not ſome fat Sheep be brought in.

Bon. What ſay you, *Let-acre* to it?

Let. This is the worſt Time of the Year for Sheep, the firſt Graſs makes 'em fall away, and they begin to taſte of the Wool; they muſt be ſpar'd a while, and *Favourite* muſt caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt Meat and Fiſh: I hope we ſhall have ſome fat Calves and Lambs ſhortly.

Fav. While the Graſs grows, the Steed ſtarves; he ſaith, live Horſe, and thou ſhalt have Graſs; he cares not how much of the Store in the Houſe is ſpent, wou'd he wou'd be ſo careful to bring it in; he'll keep the Sheep 'till they die of the fat Rot, before they ſhall be kill'd; there's no keeping Houſe without Mutton, I love Mutton. (*Aſide.*

Bon. Ay, but *Favourite*, every Thing in its Seaſon, now's a Time for other Things.

Fav. He'd have us Maids keep *Lent* all the Year by his good Will; but I'll fit him with *Poor John*, I'll warrant him, Morning, Noon and Night, nothing but *Poor John*, as he is, and I am ſure he deſerves no better. I wonder what Effect the Lamb-Stones and Marrow-Bones have on him, I ſee none for my Part, not ſo much as a dry Kiſs, he ſhall have no more for me. (*Aſide.*

Bon. I think, *Let-acre*, I have ſet all right. (*Exit* Let. *bowing.*

Favourite *frowning takes away her Miſtreſs's Book, Pen, Ink, and Table, and goes off.* Valentine *comes up to* Bonona.

Val. How do you do to Day, Mother?

Bon. Thank you, Son; well, but I'd fain have you eaſe me of this Trouble; I grow ancient, 'tis

Time for me to give up this World, and be thinking of another.

Val. Madam, I generally walk over the Grounds twice a Week, on Purpoſe to ſee how Things go; and as I Hawk or Courſe, if I ſee or chance to break a Gap, I ſpeak to *Let-acre* to ſend one to mend it, and tell him of any Thing that's amiſs.

Enter Favourite *privately liſt'ning at a Diſtance.*

Bon. Yes, Son, what is without Doors I know, betwixt yourſelf and *Let-acre*, is well manag'd; but do you think it's no Trouble to manage my Houſe-keeping, and at ſpare Times to find out Work for my Maids.

Val. I hope you would not have me take Care of that, and manage the Maids into the Bargain.

Bon. No, Son, but to bring in one to do it.

Val. Methinks *Favourite* can do that well, ſhe can ſcold, I'm ſure, and they ſay that's one good Property of a Houſe-keeper.

Fav. Can ſhe ſo; ſhe hath not given you half your Due yet, becauſe ſhe would not have had you thought ſhe could ſcold; but you may have Cauſe to ſay it e'er I am two Days older, if I catch your Boy at the Cream Pot, or Dogs in the Dairy. (*Aſide.*

Bon. You miſtake me ſtill, Son, methinks you are now of Years ſufficient to marry, and I know not of any natural Infirmity that ſhould hinder you, yet I don't ſee any Token that you think of it.

Val. They ſay Marriage is out of Faſhion.

Bon. I know not the Faſhion, and know no Faſhion ought to be contrary to the Rules Nature hath preſcrib'd; for in all lawful Things we may follow the Dictates of Nature.

Val. Then 'tis natural to take a Wife and keep her while we affect her, and when we like another Woman better, turn off the firſt, and take the latter, and that the Law will not allow.

Bon. No, Son, that's only of deprav'd Nature, our wild Affections muſt be govern'd by Reaſon, and

and with Judgment, weighing the Good and Evil that attend the ſatisfying of them.

Val. The matrimonial Load is too much for me to lug about.

Bon. " Wedlock duly entered into it ſo far from " being a Load, that it's the Eaſe of all our Buſi- " neſs, the Center we aim at, and 'till we hit are " never at Reſt: In thoſe that deſpiſe Marriage, it's " ſeldom but ſuch deſire Society and Company " with Women; but taking the wrong Courſe, that " is, only of ſatisfying their ſenſual Appetites (which " muſt be with wild Women) they can expect to " reap no better Fruit, than in the End to abhor " all Womankind; but as to the Burthen, I'll give " you the meaneſt Example imaginable, by which " you may make worthier Obſervations. Have you " not ſeen a poor Pedlar and his Wife, one carry- " ing the Pack one while, and the other another " while?

Val. Ay, and a Child or two into the Bargain.

Bon. Yes, " and they would rather leave their " Pack, tho' it be all their Eſtate, than that Child.

Val. " Let who will take the Pack for my Part.

Bon. Son, you ſpeak not experimentally.

Val. Nor do I deſire.

Bon. But I that have, can tell you; when my Husband had met with Croſſes, and came home ſad and dejected, as I ſoon perceiv'd in his Countenance, ſo I could ſuddenly cure him; and when myſelf have been vex'd, as ſoon as ever I communicated to my Husband my Thoughts, I was at Eaſe and well.

Val. " But where lay the Weight then?

Bon. " It was vaniſh'd; the Stone that one could " not ſtir, put both our Hands to it was overtun'd " ſuddenly.

Val. I care for no Body's turning Stones with me. (*Aſide.*) Madam, my Father's Aſhes I honour, and yourſelf. I hope you always ſee I do, but ſuch two are rare to find; there was a mutual Harmony (as I have often heard and partly ſeen) betwixt all your Actions, that your very Servants danc'd in

doing

doing their Buſineſs, keeping Time to your Muſick. But you have heard of our Neighbour, *Honeſtus* and *Furioſa*, he a peaceable Man, and ſhe made up with Diſcord that when ſhe had frighted Husband, Children, and Servants out of Doors, would ſcold twelve Hours with the Walls.

Bon. There are many that live as my Husband and myſelf did; but he, good Man, had many Misfortunes in the World, and ſhe of a proud and haughty Spirit, and could not bear it, then ſhe would fly out into Extravagancies.

Val. I am ſure to have her was his greateſt Misfortune.

Bon. I grant it; but if a Storm catch you one Day abroad, will you ever keep Houſe, leſt you ſhould meet with the like? I hope there's few of her Temper, and beſides, a good Husband makes a good Wife: There might be ſome Fault on the Man's Side.

Val. And if two Faults meet we may ſure call that a Breaking.

Bon. That does not always follow; doth not different Sounds make the beſt Muſick; "that "Frailty that the one finds himſelf apt to fall in-"to, makes his Reaſon allow the other the ſame. "Some Grains of Allowance muſt be, or elſe be-"ing equally match'd, the Balance is even betwixt "them, and it is juſt Gold Weight." But as there is not that Evenneſs of Temper in ſome, as there is in others, yet there is a Thing call'd Love, which not only covereth thoſe petty Miſtakes, but makes every Thing delightful that paſſes betwixt them. The true Cauſe of all Differences is only Want of true Love, and the Cauſe of this is chiefly becauſe Men and Women let their Affections and Appetites grow looſe and ungovern'd.

Val. Ay, marry where they love to ſuch a Liking.

Enter Latitat.

Lat. By your leave, good Mrs. *Bonoſa*, your Servant, and noble *Valentine* I kiſs your Hand; truly, Sir,

Sir, if I had not ſeen you here I ſhould ſcarcely have known you. Why, Madam, he's grown a Man ready for Marriage, is he not that Way diſpos'd? You know your Husband left me Truſtee to his Eſtate, and the Heir follows the Eſtate; truſt me, I'll provide a Match for him, a dainty young Lady, either with or worth her Weight in Gold.

Bon. I thank you, Sir, for your kind Offer, Mr. *Latitat*, but you know I eas'd you of the Trouble of the Eſtate, and I hope my Son, when he ſees convenient, will provide himſelf a Wife.

Lat. Ay, ay, but a good helping Hand, Madam, will do no Hurt; you know, I'm interwoven with many Gentlemen's Eſtates, that I have them and their Daughters at Diſpoſal; I alſo have a compleat Survey of every Man's Lands, Monies, nay, the very Qualities and Conditions of their Daughters for a great Part of this Province; then my Credit will prevail, ſo they'll take my Report of your Eſtate, without ever viewing it. I can (tho' it be a fair one) double it, then drawing the Writings in a Trice, that they ſhall marry before it takes Air, and the Jobb once done, you know, is done for ever.

Bon. (Aſide.) Right Lawyer! Truly, Sir, I do not find my Son inclinable in the leaſt, but——

Lat. When he is I ſhall hear of you, my Houſe is well known, there's a deal of Company attend me there when I come from the Term; it is a Market, a little Fair.

Bon. I hope you ſell them good Penny-worths, Sir?

Lat. Yes, yes, there's good Bargains drove betwixt us, they never complain; ſome I ſell Papers to, ſome I buy Lands of; I have now good Store of Farms, I am forc'd (and will do it, tho' I borrow myſelf) to help Perſons to Monies that are in Straits, and eaſe them of their Lands. There's ſome People of Quality, Madam, do not know how to manage their Eſtates, what ſhou'd ſuch do with them? I eaſe them.

Bon. But

Bon. But pray, Sir, have a Care of over-burthening yourſelf.

Lat. O, Madam, a Lawyer's Conſcience is ſeldom over-burthen'd; I have practis'd it ſo long, its become habitual; at firſt I could ſwallow it well enough, but ſometimes it ſtuck a little in my Maw, gave a Prick or two; at length I took one Doſe of HOBBE's *Leviathan*, it clear'd my Stomach, and made it afterwards go down as glibly—I can ſwallow a whole Manor, Wood and all, and digeſt it too as eaſy as I could drink a Bottle of your good Wine.

Bon. You cannot ſwallow that before you have it.

Lat. I never went a-dry from your Houſe.

Bon. But thirſty ſometimes, I believe. *(Aſide.)* *Favourite.*

Enter Favourite.

Bon. Here, fetch a Bottle of Wine.

Lat. Well, Madam, you ſay he's not diſpoſed to marry yet; when he is, let me hear, I'll do his Buſineſs.

Val. His own he means. *(Aſide.*

Enter Favourite *with a Bottle and Glaſs.*

Val. Mr. *Latitat*, your Health. *(Drinks.*

Lat. Sir, your very humble Servant.—Madam, here's to your Fire-ſide, and may you live to be a Great-Grand-Mother. *(Going to drink.)* Faith, I cannot chuſe but wonder, that having ſo much Wealth, you have the Wit to underſtand for whom you got it.—Few ſuch Mothers! *(Drinks.*

Bon. I have ſo much Wit to underſtand it ſhall not be ſpent in the Law.

Lat. I never knew a rich Woman a Wit before in my Life.—This is briſk Wine, come, Miſtreſs, give me the other Glaſs, it will ſend me going.

Val. Pray Heav'n it may. *(Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's a Countryman below desires to speak with you.

Lat. With me! call him to the Door. *(Exit Servant.)* Pray Mistress, fill me a Glass of Wine, I had almost forgot to drink my young Master's Health, you'll pledge me, Madam.

Bon. You're to be commended, Sir, Wine will raise your Spirits, and make you discharge the rotten Wood you swallow'd, your Stomach is overburthen'd—O how I loath the Sin of Drunkenness. *(Aside.*

* *Enter a Countryman.*

Lat. Well, what's your Business with me? *(The Countryman whispers.)* Odso are they there? Here's a Tester for the good News.

Countrym. Bless your Honour. *(Exit.*

Lat. This Fellow has brought me rare News, excellent News, News fit——

Val. For what?

Lat. To be conceal'd—— Sir *Thomas Counterfeit*, and my Lord *Forge* stay for me in the Market, at the *Bull Head*——— Madam, I beg your Pardon. The Exigence of their Affairs robs you of your Friend, who is truly ready and able to serve you and your Son, and would not have him bashful. *(Going out.)* You were speaking, Madam, how good Wine was to discharge overburden'd Stomachs; therefore, pray, Mistress, let's have the other Glass. *(She fills to the Brim)* You have a Design upon me, ha, Mistress *Favourite.*

Fav. You and your Designs may go together, Mr. Lawyer. *(She sets the Bottle down.*

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* *The Wit of the following Scene is admirable, the Raillery entirely new, and the Behaviour of the Chambermaid surprizing.*

Lat. What, Miſtreſs, do you keep the Bottom of the Bottle for Duck Sauce?

Fav. That's for ſuch Thirſty Rogues as you.

Lat. I've no need to hunt for Drink.

Fav. No, thou art for whole Eſtates, Manors, or ſuch like.

Lat. What do you think I came hither to be the Jeſt of your greaſy Houſe-keeper? *(She laughs at him.)* S'death, if it were not a Diſhonour, I would kick thee.

Fav. If your Valour lies in your Legs, I'll try whether a Blow or two will raiſe it.

(She throws down the Table and Bottle at him.

Lat. Udsbud, you Jade, you've broke my Toes —— This is a Contrivance of your's Madam.

Fav. Be gone, Lawyer, or I will ring thee ſuch a Peal, thou ſhalt confeſs the troubled Sea more calm, that Thunder with leſs Violence cleaves the Air ——— And I can talk, Heav'n be prais'd, for Tongue no Woman in all *Billingſgate* is better weapon'd. *(Aſide.*

Lat. You ſcold well, Miſtreſs; farewel, Screech Owl. *(Exit.*

Fav. Farewel, Knave —I'll follow you. *(Exit.*

Val. A right Name for all Lawyers.

Bon. Let me adviſe you, Son, to beware of him, he hath ſome Deſign of a Wife for you, and a Part out of her Portion for himſelf; for ſuch Fellows Courteſies are but Veils for their Knavery.

Val. I believe I ſhall not trouble him on that Account; I'm glad we're rid of him.

Enter Favourite *laughing.*

Fav. He went away ſwearing, that ſuch prodigious Affronts merited ſevere Puniſhments. I plainly told him he was a cheating Raſcal; and if he tarry'd any longer, I would publiſh his Knavery to all the World. He was enrag'd at this Anſwer, and began to ſtorm like an *Iriſh* Prieſt. At laſt, I downright told him he was a Knave in grain, had as much Impudence, and as little Underſtanding

as

as a Horſe-racer; no more Honeſty than a *French* Taylor; and no more Religion than an *Engliſh* Whore, or a canting Informer: What would I give to ſee this Fellow condemn'd, hang'd, and anatomiz'd, that the World might once behold the Inſide of a Lawyer! and in this reforming Age, I'm ſure we ſhould have had his dying Speech read in the Courts of *Weſtminſter*, for a Warning to all Pettyfoggers, even from the furr'd Gown, down to the crop-ear'd Clerk.

Val. Hang the inſignificant Raſcal, let's talk no more of him, be gone, *Favourite.*

Fav. I fly, Sir. *(Exit.*

Val. Madam, when he interrupted our Diſcourſe, you were ſpeaking how happy Love made Marriage, but I'm ſure I can ſee many made unhappy by Love: That it ſhould have ſo good an Effect in Marriage, and ſo ill in a ſingle State, is ſomewhat ſtrange; neither, I think, can the future Good of it recompenſe the Evil, or make amends for the Miſchiefs it draws one into before. It's certainly worſe than *Latitat*'s ſwallowing Eſtates, for it deſtroys the very Qualities of Men, transforms them into the very Likeneſs of the Object belov'd, be it what it will.

Bon. "That which you ſpeak of, is generally a "Love begotten betwixt Luſt and Idleneſs, and "not a true Love, grounded on Reaſon and Diſ-"cretion, as that ought to be betwixt Man and "Wife, wherein there is an Union of Soul and "Body; and before Marriage, a generous Inclina-"tion placed on a due Object, exalts the Mind, "and puts Men on the greateſt and nobleſt At-"chievements, to appear more conſpicuous in the "Apprehenſion of their beloved.

Val. But it ſeems to me, that Woman's Deſires and Delights are chiefly in ſuch Follies, that he that exerciſes himſelf in Matters acceptable to them, muſt quit his Reaſon, become effeminate, renounce all that's worthy, and the very Means to enoble his Mind and Name, and give a Looſe to all Vanities, if not Extravagancies.

Bon. Oh! No Son, you well know a Kite never brought forth a good flying Hawk; and if there be a noble Tendency in Men's Spirits, certainly the Fountains whence such Streams flow, must not be impure. There are Women that have pass'd thro' all those noble Exercises which dignify the Sons of Men; "and it may well be, that such extraordi-"nary Products are more rare in their Sex, since "there are not those Seminaries or Nurseries for "their Education, as there are for Men, neither "are they called forth to make their Worth pub-"lick; yet there are many, very many, that apply "themselves to Learning in private, and have a true "Nobleness of Mind." Others shew their Prudence and Goodness in managing the Affairs they are intrusted in; but being confin'd, for the most Part, to their Family Concerns, it cannot give that publick Ostentation as Men's Wisdom doth.——— Yet Virtue and Goodness appear so frequently among them, as if they were the Fabricks the Graces chiefly delighted to dwell in.

Val. Such a one were worth finding, but ———

Bon. Time and Opportunity may find such a one.

Val. I must meet some Gentlemen this Evening to go to a Hawking —— I despair of finding such a Mistress. *(Exit.*

SCENE. *A Market appears at some distance.*

Enter Friendlove, Constant, Sprightly.

Friend. How goes the Market *Constant*?

Con. Faith, *Friendlove*, I can't tell, I'm but new come to Town.

Spright. The Horse Fair's scarcely begun yet; I must be there if it be but to buy a Horse to run away on.

Friend. You do not intend to do it privately, *Sprightly*, it seems that you proclaim it.

Spright. No, tho' I have little to leave behind, or carry with me, yet I have not sold my Honesty, and Conscience, and so I care not who knows it. If

you are at Leiſure, Gentlemen, ſhall I have your Aſſiſtance, a Jury is but needful to paſs a Verdict on Horſe-fleſh, and, it may be, prove an *Ignoramus* too.

Con. I attend you. (*To* Sprightly.

Friend. You'll excuſe me, I muſt attend on my Miſtreſs.

Spright. "You have a blow'd Face Heifer then "to buy yet, but you may chance on a milch or "barren Cow; the Market's deceitful buy at home.

Enter Latitat *with Papers, walking about the Room.*

Lat. This is my Room, Gentlemen, I'd wiſh you to forbear it.

Con. I love to ſee Horſes; what wou'd you buy? (*To* Sprightly.

Lat. Don't you know me a Man of Buſineſs, I have People coming to me on the Concern of their whole Eſtates.

Spright. I'd buy a pacing Gelding, for I have done Hunting.

Friend. What! you intend to ſet up for a fat Alderman then.

Lat. I tell you it's my Room, I had the Poſſeſſion of it firſt.

Con. What impudent Fellow is this?

Lat. A Lawyer, Sir, don't you ſee Buckram?

Spright. Is't poſſible! Sir, I took you for a Taylor, or an Alderman.

Lat. Sir, I'm no Alderman, for you ſee my Head without Horns.

Con. By your old faſhion'd Garb and your Aſſurance, one would take you for a Country Juſtice, ha, ha, ha!

Lat. Sir, I'm no Country Juſtice; I can ſpeak Senſe,—don't think to play upon me, Gentlemen; this is my Room, I had the Poſſeſſion of it firſt.

Spright. And thou ſhalt keep it.

Friend. What if we put a Trick upon him?

——(*Aſide to* Conſtant *and* Sprightly.

Con. With all my Heart.

Friend. It

Friend. It will make rare Sport.

Con. We'll do it. (*Whiſpers, pulls a Cord from behind the Door, and he and* Conſtant *lay hold on* Latitat, *and bind him in the Chair.*

Lat. What d'ye mean, Gentlemen? Here Drawer. (Lat. *knocks.*

Drawer. (*without,*) Coming, coming, Sir.

Enter Drawer.

Sprigbt. You Dog, get down. (*Offers to kick the Drawer, and ſhuts the Door on him.* Friendlove, Conſtant, Sprightly *laugh, and point at* Latitat, *and drink to him.*)

Friend. If it be your Room, pay the Reckoning. —— Learn Manners there.

(*Exeunt all but* Latitat, *who knocks.*

Lat. What! no Body come! theſe Fops have ſee'd the Drawer; here muſt I ſit till I've cool'd my Heels. (*Walks about with the Chair at his Back.*) No Body dare come; if I catch theſe Birds in my Net, I'll plume 'em, and bite 'em too. —— Well, I'll lay a Trap.

Enter Countryman.

Countrym. Bleſs your Worſhip. (*Bows —— ſtarts and laughs, then offers to come and unbind him.*

Lat. Let me alone, Sirrah; call up the Drawer. (*Exit Countryman.*) I'll make 'em rue it. —— Bind me here, lay violent Hands on me.

Enter Countryman and Drawer.

Lat. Doſt hear, Drawer, didſt thou not ſee the Gentlemen lay violent Hands on me, and bind me?

Draw. No, Sir.

Lat. No, Sir; how ſo, Sir?

Draw. I offer'd to come in; and they kick'd me in their Frolicks.

Lat. Who kick'd you? What's his Name?

Draw. O, Sir, his Name is — his Name is —— Faith, I forgot, can you tell, Countryman?

Countrym. If

Countrym. If I'm not miſtaken, I ſaw him at Mrs. *Bonona*'s Houſe when I deliver'd you the Meſſage.

Lat. Then it muſt be *Sprightly*.

Draw. He made Haſte after you, Sir, ha, ha!

Lat. Curſe on his Haſte ——— May all——— But I'll not waſte my Curſes on a Country 'Squire; had my Friends come whom I appointed, how contemptible had I look'd; I had been made the common Sport of every ſneering Serjeant. ——Well, do thou bear Witneſs for me, and I will for thee; both of you bear Witneſs I'm bound, cannot uſe my Hands, I'll plague him, now untie me.

(*The Countryman lets him looſe.*

Draw. I cannot bear Witneſs of what I did not ſee.

Lat. Did I ſee thee kick'd? No —— yet I would have you ſue him, and I'll bear Witneſs, tho' I did not ſee it.

Draw. O rare Lawyer! for all your ſueing, you're like to pay the Reckoning. (*Aſide.*

Countrym. Sir, I have been abus'd too, and deſire your Worſhip to grant me a *Quo minus* preſently, I'm the *Obſervator*'s *Countryman*, and I'll arreſt him before he goes home. What do you think he did by me, Sir? —— Sir, he did uſe me, good Lord, how did he uſe me!

Lat. Prithee how?

Countrym. He took my Oaken Towel from me, and almoſt broke my Head —— Sir, would you believe it, I ask'd in civil Words what he meant by it —— And what do you think his Anſwer was? He told me I was a Scoundrel, a *Whiggiſh* Son of a Whore ——— as I hope to be ſav'd 'tis true.

Lat. Did he ſtrike thee? —— Very fine.

Countrym. I did feel no Blows, but he wou'd have ſtruck me, had not the Crowd been ſo great; he could not have Room to take his Blow, ſo I eſcap'd.

Lat. Here, take this, and give it a Bailiff quickly.

(Lat. *takes a Paper, and writes in it, and gives it to the Countryman.*

Countrym. What muſt I give you, Sir?

(*Pulls out a Purſe.*

Lat. Ten

Lat. Ten Shillings and Two Pence in all.

Countrym. How! Sir, that's more than I am worth.

Lat. Six Shillings and Eight Pence the Writ, Two Shillings and Six Pence the Warrant, Twelve Pence for Poſtage, and don't I deſerve Twelve Pence for Expedition? Come, give me Ten Shillings, I'll bate the Two Pence.

Countrym. Your Poſt is ſwift indeed, a Pox take it.

Lat. Thou Blockhead, if I had not one ready, I muſt have ſent by Poſt, then thou had'ſt ſtaid a Week longer, and have paid ſo then. Do'ſt not know what is for thy Advantage?

Countrym. Ten Shillings, that's all I ſold my Pigs for; and *Joan* will beat me with the Bed-ſtaff when I come home, and bring no Money for her Pigs.

Lat. Doſt prate, I'll make it coſt thee double as much.

Countrym. Pray, Sir, take it; put me out of your Books; it's dangerous, I hear, to come there. (*Gives the Money.*) It's more than my Club was worth, I was not beaten at all.

Lat. Doſt prate ſtill, Raſcal, be gone.

(*Exit Countryman.*

Lat. This would have been cold by next Market-Day, I muſt time every Thing right, (*Looks for Wine in the Bottle, gets up and walks.*) Now I think on't, I had beſt be gone, leſt they come again and bind me Neck and Heels together. (*Going.*

Enter Drawer with a Bill, and gives it Latitat, *who ſtares.*

Lat. How, Sir! Wine 3 *s.* —— a Leg o' Mutton 4 *s.* —— Tarts 1 *s.* —— Bread and Beer 1 *s.* 2 *d.* —— a Cord 1 *s.* —— in all 10 *s.* 2 *d.*

Draw. Don't I deſerve 12 *d.* for Expedition?

Lat. O, by all Means, take your Cord back again, that's a Shilling. (*Strikes him.*

Draw. Hold, hold, Sir, give me 10 *s.* my Maſter will bate the 2 *d.*

Lat. Indeed, Sir, you ſhall take it, give my Service to your Maſter, —— and tell him the Gallows

is all the Inheritance he was born to. I have yet ſome Remains of Hope to get away without paying. (*Aſide. Goes towards the Door.*) Thou art a very pretty Lad, always laughing; 'tis your handſome Drawers that win the Women's Hearts.

Draw. We endeavour to oblige our Company.

Lat. Next Time I come here, you and I muſt be better acquainted ——— Faith we will; you are very handſome; have a Care of Wenching, 'twill ſpoil a good Face. (*Exit* Latit.

Draw. Stop him, ſtop him, make him pay at the Bar. (*Exit Drawer.*

Enter Friendlove *leading* Candia.

Friend. How is it poſſible for me to recompence this Favour!

Cand. Your coming is full Pay, Sir.

Friend. How do you think your Father ſtands affected, may I break it to him yet?

Cand. I have taken Opportunities to mention your Name, and I find he has a good Opinion of you; but I'd have it broke by ſome Friend. *Latitat* the Lawyer has been propoſing Matches to my Father for me; but our Neighbour *Wiſeman*, if you are acquainted with him, I know none better.

Friend. Truly, Madam, your Freeneſs doth lay infinite Obligations on me; as for that Pettyfogger, I bound him in this Chair within this half Hour.

Cand. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Drawer.

Friend. How came *Latitat* unbound, Drawer?

Draw. He had continu'd 'till now, for me, chafing and knocking, and dancing with the Chair at's Back, if a Countryman had not come and let him looſe; he knock'd and call'd, and I would ſuffer none to go up. He rail'd and ſwore I ſhould ſue *Sprightly* for kicking me, and he'd be Witneſs, tho' he did not ſee it, and I muſt be Witneſs for his Binding.

Friend. And ſo ye made a Bargain, did ye?

Draw. I ſcorn, Sir, to affront a Gentleman ſo; if he had hang'd and choak'd 'till I let him looſe, his Trade ſhould have been ſpoilt —— But for all his Damning, I met him coming down, and made him pay the Reckoning for the Wine you had.

Friend. Th'art an honeſt Fellow; here's ſomething for thee. (*Gives him Money. Exit Drawer.*

Friend. I doubt not but to prevail with *Wiſeman* cordially to propoſe the Matter to your Father.

Cand. And I'll find Means to have it ſeconded; and if I follow not the uſual Courſe of our Sex, (which is) not to ſeem forward in our own Wiſhes, impute it to that which is my uſual Courſe in other Matters, to tell my downright Meaning, " and with-" al, that I honour you ſo that I would not have " you toil all Night, and remain in doubt whether " you got a Maidenhead at laſt. I'll reſerve your " Pains 'till another Time; take the Truth of my " Heart, tho' I bluſh to own it.

Friend. Dear Madam, never was Man ſo happy in a Miſtreſs as I am; and the Obligations that you lay on me, have kindled ſuch a Fire in my Soul, as cannot be extinguiſh'd but in the Abyſs of Bliſs.

(Friendlove *embraceth* Candia.

Cand. Be not too violent at firſt.

Love in your Breaſt, like Poiſon ſwells all Parts,
When two Months Marriage may cure both our Hearts.

(Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*SCENE, *a Room.*

Furioſa *ſitting in a Chair carding Wool, dreſs'd untow'rdly, her Daughter* Florida *ſitting by a Candle at a little Table, working on a Parchment very clean and neat, a Maid ſpinning on a long Wheel.*

Flor. METHINKS, Mother, we live very ſtrangely ſince my Father's Death, no Company comes near us, nor do we ever go abroad.

Fur. Don't tell me, I have not been in a Condition (thank *Latitat*) to entertain Neighbours, and if I viſit, I muſt expect the like. No, your Father hath left you Land enough, which I have clear'd, and would have ſome Money for you, and when I'm dead, do as you pleaſe.

Flor. If no Body muſt come near us, I ſhall be dead firſt, and then my Couſin *Sprightly*, who hath little Eſtate left now, will have the Land as Heir, and *Latitat* will ſwallow it after the reſt of his, and turn you out of Doors; for this is not your Jointure Houſe.

Fur. You take great Care of me, but the chief End is your own, I believe, you'd have ſome Lovers come (pretty Heart) if I had ſeen you had been fit

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** As the Play abounds in moral Inſtruction, here now is a fine Scene to recommend good Houſewifery.*

for that, I ſhould have taken Care of it before now; but tho' you have Years to be wiſer, yet I ſee ——

Flor. That I have patiently waited a great while; however, a little Society with our Neighbours our Eſtate may ſometimes bear, and not be indiſcreet.

(*A knocking at the Door.*

Fur. Who ſhould knock at the Door here after Night! leave thy Wheel, call the Men and the great Dog; go ſee who's there, but let no Body in 'till you bring me Word who it is, and whence he comes, and peep thro' the Key-hole, and ſee whether it be one or more, and whether they be Men or Women.

(*Exit Maid.*

Flor. If this ſhould be a Gentleman, Mother, ſuch ſtrict Examination is the Way to fright him away; and if others, its the Way to make 'em think you have Money, and put Deſigns into their Heads.

Fur. What hath any one to do to come to me? If I had any Buſineſs with them, I'd ſend for 'em.

Enter Maid,

Maid. There's only one Gentleman, he ſaith his Name is *Valentine*, your Neighbour, and deſires to ſee you.

Fur. I have no Buſineſs with him, let him go home, and if he have any with me, come again to-morrow.

Flor. I hope, Mother, you'll be more civil; I'll go let him in. (*Takes the Light and goes out.*

Fur. This fooliſh Girl will have her own Way; here, take my Cards, and put away thy Wheel.

(*The Maid does it, and* Furioſa *begins to ſet her Head and Clothes in order.*

Enter Florida *and* Valentine.

Val. (*to* Furioſa.) It was my Fortune, Madam, to loſe my Hawk to Day, and, in Purſuit of her, I was benighted and loſt, and ſeeing a Light in your Houſe, I made bold to draw nearer, and crave Leave to repoſe myſelf.

Fur. Sir,

Fur. Sir, my Houſe is no Inn, but your Father and my Husband often met at the Aſſizes and Seſſions, and were very intimate; I have known your Mother too, and I believe was at your Chriſtening; You are welcome, Sir, pray, where did you loſe yourſelf?

Val. Had I known that, it's poſſible I might have got into my Way again; but croſſing over the Grounds in the Purſuit, I was out of my Knowledge when Night overtook me.

Fur. Will you ſit down, Sir? *Pegg*, reach a Chair, *Florida*, ſome Sack; a Glaſs of that after your Rambles may not be amiſs. (*Exit* Florida.) Since your Father and my Husband died, I know not what will become of this Country; I am afraid to lie in Bed, it abounds ſo with Rogues and Whore-Maſters, and no Body takes Care to ſuppreſs them; my Maids can't go to milk in quiet, I had two or three got with Child in a little Time; nay, I can ſcarce keep a Gooſe or a Turkey in Safety for them.

Val. Thoſe are ill Things, could they be remedied it were well.

Fur. I'd remedy 'em, with a Vengeance, if I had to do; my Husband was a Juſtice of the Peace, a Buſtler for Reformation, and then they durſt not look this Way.

Enter Florida *with a little white Bottle, about a Pint, and an old-faſhion'd Glaſs; ſhe fills and gives her Mother, ſhe drinks to* Valentine, *he to* Florida; *ſhe to him again, he to* Furioſa, *who ſets it down on the Table.*

Flor. Will it pleaſe you to take a Seat? (*All ſit.*

Val. Every Command of your's, Madam, ſhall be obey'd.

Fur. Is your Mother alive and hearty? It is ſo long alas! ſince I have ſeen any of my Neighbours, that I have quite forgot 'em.

Val. I could heartily wiſh your Acquaintance with my Mother might be renewed.

Fur. Truly,

Fur. Truly, Sir, I hope to go abroad more than I have done of late but *Latitat* had got a Footing into my Eſtate, and he hung on't more than another could ha' done with both Feet and Hands: I was forc'd to live ſparing 'till I got Money to pay him off; and moſt of it was Bills of Buſineſs done for my Husband: But with that and a little Money he paid for my Husband, he made up a round Sum, and had a Mortgage of my two beſt Farms, and it had like to have eat up the reſt; but I have clear'd all now, tho' I liv'd cloſe for it, and have ſpun and carded myſelf theſe ſeven Years. —— Well, it is my Bed-time, but my Daughter will ſhew you the Way to your's, for I know you would willingly be in it.

Val. You cou'd not, Madam, have vouchſaf'd me a greater Favour in the Condition I am in.

Fur. Ay, ay, I am ſenſible of every one's Condition, and love to pleaſure my Friend.

(*Exit* Fur. *and Maid.*

Flor. Pray, Sir, keep your Seat, and I'll return immediately. (*Exit* Flor.

* *Val.* Pagan that I am! that I ſhould have ſuch Thoughts of Women, betwixt whom there is as great Diſparity as betwixt Light and Darkneſs, ſeen here in Mother and Daughter: And that ever ſuch a Lady ſhould be coop'd up in ſuch a little Eaſe, who on this firſt Sight I have had of her, have ſeen ſo much of Curteſy and Amiableneſs. She could not thruſt in a Word before ſuch a Beldam; but every Look, Motion, nay, her ſitting ſtill ſpake; what will her Converſe be for an Hour, a Day, nay, what for one's Life! " But I, Wretch! am confounded, " my Spirits ſtruck dead. Certainly every Change " to a new Condition transforms a Perſon, and brings " a Death upon his Spirits. I can feel ſome Work-

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* *This is a moſt pathetick Soliloquy; tho', indeed, the Exceſs of the Gentleman's Paſſion makes him talk a little ungrammatically; but that is a Beauty, for what can be more unnatural than for a true Lover to ſpeak common Senſe?*

" ings

" ings within me, ſome Tokens of Life, but ſo " crowded, they are not able to move; they are " ſtrangled; all my Faculties of Soul and Body " move in a Diſorder: And whence comes this? " I have ſeen Ladies before now as comely and " beautiful, as full of graceful Aſpect, (did I ſay " ſo? Thou lieſt, Recreant) yet thoſe have never " rais'd this Conflict upon me; ſure ſhe put a Spell " into the Wine; ſome magick Art ſhe hath. No, " no, nothing impure can reſt in her, it muſt be " ſympathetical, a magnetick Quality; hard Steel " turns to the Iron, tho' inſenſible.

Enter Florida *and Maid.*

Flor. A cold Supper, Sir, is better than none.

Val. You have, Madam, entertain'd me with all that's deſirable already. There's Heat enough in me to digeſt an Adamant.

Flor. Ha, ha, ha! a poor Glaſs of Sack, Sir!

Val. Ay, but ———

Flor. Such Gueſts come ſo ſeldom hither, that you muſt not expect any Thing prepar'd.

Val. Madam, I find more than I could expect.

Flor. Pray, Sir, then take what is here in good Part, and ſhew it by your Acceptance.

Val. Truly, Madam, I have no Stomach to any Meat, but to comply with you.

(*Sits at the Table, offers to eat, but can't.*

Flor. Are you well, Sir?

Val. Sweet Lady, I'm well, well becauſe in your Company; but ſo ill, that nothing can cure me but what you may apply.

Flor. Pegg, go up and help my Mother to Bed, ſhe has done Prayers. (*Exit Maid.*

Val. You have bereft me of my Senſes, or have ſatisfy'd them ſo, that nothing elſe is acceptable to me, but to ſee and hear, be in your Company, and be your Servant and Slave for ever.

Flor. It would be Happineſs enough to me to have your Acquaintance, that we might not live as Strangers, being not above three Miles Diſtance, and one

one whom I have heard ſo well of, that I think my ſelf honour'd to enjoy it.

Val. Acquaintance or Company, the Favour is on my Part to beg, and for that ——— and ſuch —I am your moſt humble Supplicant.

Flor. Society is certainly one Part of the Happineſs of Mankind, when there may be Freedom and Intercourſe of Buſineſs, Recreations and Diſcourſe, whereby we may adviſe in Concerns, communicate Mirth in our Sports, or improve Knowledge in Talk. To you that enjoy the full of it, poſſibly it may not be ſo grateful, however, it would be Charity to me that am ſo deſtitute.

Val. You are ſo happy in yourſelf, that you need no Society to augment it. I, thro' want of thoſe Accompliſhments that are gain'd by it, have entertain'd it; but to be admitted into your's, and to have Leave to attend you here, or be happy elſewhere, would be giving me a new Life, without which I am to be no more.

Flor. A Thing ſo deſirable to me is eaſily granted at all Times; neither ſhould the ſetting Stars prevent me of enjoying it now, but I find you are not well, and I would not rob you of that Repoſe that may refreſh you after your Day's Travel: My Mother is, I confeſs, at preſent, ſcrupulous of Company; but if you come a Hawking this Way in an Evening or Morning, you may find me in the Grove not a Quarter of a Mile from the Houſe.

Val. I confeſs, Madam, I never deſir'd a greater Happineſs in my Life, than the Enjoyment of your Company, yet never ſo unfit for it as now; but ſince you ſo generouſly give me that Encouragement, Life, I hope, will remain to make me happy.

Flor. Then be rul'd by me now, and I will be your Debtor for a future Interview.

Val. Madam, I am wholly your's. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Room.*

Enter Wealthy *and Servant.*

Weal. Set me a Chair here; this *Observator* is a moſt ingenious Fellow, and writes to the Level of us Country People; I hate Expreſſions, that are fill'd with nothing but hard Words.

(*The Servant gives one, ſits down, pulls out his Spectacles, and begins to read.*

Enter Wiſeman.

Wiſem. Save you, Neighbour.

Weal. My good Neighbour, I thank you, I'm glad to ſee you. *Will*, reach a Chair; pray ſit down by me. (*The Servant doth, he ſits.* Ex. *Servant.*

Wiſem. If a Month paſs, and I not ſee you, I think the Time long.

Weal. If we ſhould not meet, and call to Mind paſt Matters, we were to blame.

Wiſem. We can't rejoice in the Hopes of much to come in this World; Travel is paſt with us; and as we increaſe in Age, ſo we are neglected by the Sparks that know how the World paſſeth.

Weal. I am glad we have both been guided ſo in our Affairs, that we can look back with Satisfaction.

Wiſem. And to look back on the Face of the World, yields more Content, than, for ought I can apprehend, it will do to look forward.

Weal. The Scene ſeems to be much changed.

Wiſem. In our Days, young Gentry apply'd themſelves to Learning, and, for their Recreation, to Hunting or Shooting, or other manly Exerciſes; and ſo did the meaner Sort, as was ſuitable to their Conditions, and all carry'd on with Peace, and a Love of Truth; and a ſeditious Fellow, or an Oppreſſor, was a Bye-word; and a debauch'd Perſon, a Scorn to all Companies.

Weal. Ay, Sir; but now you ſee, if a Man run not into the Exceſs of ſome Vice, he is reckon'd a tame Fool, and of ſmall Account.

Wiſem. And with Impudence in it too. There were always Vices, but they were in private; but how comes it to paſs, that Men's Company ſhould be ſought, and they reverenc'd according to their Exceſſes therein, I wonder?

Weal. It certainly ſhews, that the Generality, tho' they are not grown ſo harden'd in it, yet have a ſecret Love and Liking to it, and encourage others in that which their own very natural Principles or Deſigns will not allow themſelves. For my Part, the Remembrance of my Son's haſtening his End by luxurious Courſes, hath almoſt made me retire out of the World; and I have enough of it, if I could but ſee *Candia* well marry'd.

Wiſem. And truly a Perſon worthy of her is rarely to be found. I know now no Man hath given that Experience of a civil and temperate Courſe of Life, more than our Neighbour *Friendlove*, who, by his good Husbandry, without any By-ways, hath improv'd his Eſtate. And tho' his Eſtate doth not fully anſwer your's, yet he that can live under what he hath, may live more comfortable than they that have greater Revenues, and are in a Courſe of living above it. But his and your Eſtate join'd together will make a handſome Revenue.

Weal. I have heard very well of him, but have little Acquaintance with the Gentleman; for his Father, you know, was of a different Humour from us, and ſo wedded to his own Opinion, that his Company was troubleſome; and tho' I never avoided it, as Opportunity brought us together, yet I never coveted it.

Wiſem. I knew it very well; and tho' ſometimes Children take after their Fathers, yet it's more often found, that Sons are of a much different Humour from their Parents. Whether they heard their Father's Faults exclaim'd on, ſo that they are careful to avoid them; or, whether living with them (as he always did) they are not apt to have a ſecret Emulation

lation to out-do, or excel their Fathers; or, whether themſelves were moſt afflicted by their Fathers Irregularities, and ſo deteſt their Ways, I know not; but I think *Friendlove* a worthy Man, and, as the World goes, to be priz'd.

Weal. Now you ſpeak of Men and Marriages, I hear *Valentine*, who was eſteem'd almoſt a Contemner of the female Sex, is fallen in Love with the fair *Florida*, and hath invited my Daughter to Day to be merry with the young Folks.

Wiſem. *Friendlove* is intimate with *Valentine*, and may very likely be there; and you know *Bonona* is always glad to ſee her Neighbours: Let you and I meet at her Houſe, and go there to entertain her, and you will ſee the Gentleman's Behaviour, and we'll diſcourſe more of the Matter. For now I'll tell you, *Friendlove* requeſted me to propoſe it to you, and profeſſeth very great Reſpect for your Daughter.

Weal. I'll give you the Meeting.

Wiſem. I was willing to know what Apprehenſions you had of the Man before I brake it; and I look'd upon it ſo conſiderable, that, in reſpect of our long Friendſhip, I eaſily agree to be the Nuncio in it.

Weal. I thank you for your good Wiſhes.

Wiſem. I will not fail of meeting you to Day, till then adieu.

Weal. Nay, let's walk into a little Room, and take a Pipe together, and I'll call my Daughter, and we'll feel how her Pulſe beats, and give her ſo much Light, as that ſhe may beautify herſelf fit for ſuch a Meeting, and by what we get from her, know the better how to proceed. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

By drawing aside the last Scene, appears a Garden beautify'd with Statues upon Pedestals, and a Fountain at the farther End thereof.

Enter Valentine *and* Bonona *well dress'd.*

Bon. Did you send to *Friendlove*, and other neighbouring Gentlemen? I wish we have a handsome Company of Friends.

Val. Yes, Mother, I sent to him and *Constant*, and *Candia* and others, and pray'd their Company, and wish'd, if they had any Friends at their House, to bring them along.

Bon. It's very well done: You know I have not wasted your Estate with frequent Entertainments, but I love sometimes to see our Neighbours; and if we provide for half a Dozen, the same will as well entertain half a Score; and I'd have all of a suitable Condition, that none may take Exception: For tho' I'm not equally intimate with all, yet by leaving out one, it may beget Distaste, which at length may come to a Breach; and Son, you'll find it not only convenient to have a fair Correspondence with all your Neighbours, but to use all ordinary Ways to oblige 'em. Your Counsels and Privacies let some few only be Partakers of; and those such that have giv'n Proof of their Sincerity, and are able to assist and advise you in Difficulties; for, in the Affairs of this World, there's no Man but will some time or other stand in need of such.

Enter Favourite.

Fav. Mistress, shall I put any Mushrooms, Mangoes, or Bamboons into the Sallet?

Bon. Yes, I prithee, the best thou hast.

Fav. Shall

Fav. Shall I uſe Ketchup or Anchovies in the Gravy?

Bon. What you will.

Fav. Sure here's ſomebody extraordinary *(Aſide.* Sir, you are very fine *(to* Valentine) ſurely, ſurely, you may look farther, and fare worſe; I'm ſure you won't have better Fleſh. *(Aſide Exit.*

Val. Mother, you were pleaſed to diſcourſe with me t'other Day about Marriage. Your Advice in that hath made a ſtrong Impreſſion on me: It's not ſo much for *Furioſa*'s entertaining me, that I entreated their Invitation, as to entertain *Florida*; but before there be any farther Proceedings, I deſir'd you ſhould know her, and give me your Bleſſing in it.

Bon. You have not only, dear Son, eas'd me of the Grief and Anxiety of Mind, which your laſt Diſcourſe ſtruck me with, but fill'd me with ſo much Joy, that your meeting her here only will be a greater Feſtival to me than my own Wedding-Day. A virtuous Lady, and a fair Eſtate; two Bleſſings ſeldom come together.

Enter at the lower End of the Walk Conſtant, *and his Wife and Siſter,* Clara *and* Friendlove.

Val. Here's Company, I muſt meet 'em.

(Salutes, and brings them to his Mother, who receives them in like Manner.

Bon. Gentlemen and Ladies, I thank you for this Favour; I am glad you had ſo good a Day to walk in; pray be ſeated, and refreſh yourſelves.

Wife. Madam, you're ſo kind always, that a ſmall Invitation ſerves our Turn.

Clara. And ſo good the Company you invite, that it's a Pleaſure to attend you.

Enter Wealthy, Wiſeman, *and* Candia, *at the one Side of the Walk:* Valentine *and* Friendlove *meet them, and bring them to the other.*

Weal. Will it not be Rudeneſs for an old Gueſt to come among this Company?

Wiſem. We

Wiſem. We have been as merry as they can be, and yet to ſee Friendſhip and good Hoſpitality, is as refreſhing to us ——

Bon. My old Friends, and my Husband's Friends, muſt always be acceptable to me; and our Age ſo well agrees, that we ſhall entertain one another as well as the young Folks.

Wiſem. Here's a Gentleman grown to great Maturity, undiſcern'd almoſt among us.

(*To* Wealthy, *taking* Friendlove *by the Hand.*

Weal. He's ſo great a Husband, that he cannot ſpare time to viſit his Neighbours. (*Muſick within.*

Friend. I am unworthy, Sir, to give your Years the Trouble of my Company.

Weal. I ſhall be glad, Sir, to ſee you at my Houſe; for I hear you have outſtript your Age in Underſtanding.

Friend. To be inform'd by you would be a kind Entertainment.

Bon. (*To the Ladies.*) Ladies, your Preſence adds to the Glory of this Day, which is only ſplendid here by the Acceſs of ſuch noble Company.

Cand. It appears, Madam, that in your Houſe the Glory of our Country reſides; ſince here are the frequent Conjunctions of the heavenly Aſpects that illuminate each Quarter.

Clara. And ſingled out hence, are but ſmall Lights, whoſe Beams give ſome little Succours to their peculiar Regions, and that which they do, are the borrowed Lights that they receive here by Participation illuminated.

Enter at the lower End of the Walk Furioſa, *in an old Faſhion rich Dreſs, and* Florida *rich and handſome, with* Major Sly, Valentine *and* Conſtant *meet them, and on either Side the Ladies walk up, were the Company receive them.*

Fur. (*To* Bonona.) It will appear ſtrange to the whole Company, to ſee me abroad now, who have retir'd for ſo long a time; but as my Retirement is known to all, ſo be it known, that my coming hither

hither is by your earneſt, very earneſt Entreaty, and to ſatisfy that I have not only anſwer'd by my own coming, but have brought my Daughter with me, who hath not ſeen the Sun-ſhine out of her own Dominions theſe ſeven Years before.

Bon. I wiſh ſhe may ſee any Sun ſo like her own, as may induce her hereafter to ſee whether it be not alike Day-light in other Parts.

Val. (*To* Furioſa.) It will be Day where ſhe comes, and the Favour is ineſtimable, that ſhe will vouchſafe by her Approach, to expel thoſe Vapours that riſe as Clouds to intercept our Sun. (*To* Florida.) And you have hereby laid an Obligation on me I'm incapable of returning.

Flor. The Favour is your's, Sir, that will accept of ſuch Company.

Val. Boy, ſend in the Muſick.

Enter Muſick.

Gentlemen and Ladies, ſhall we have a Dance?

(Friendlove *takes* Candia, Valentine Florida, Conſtant *his Wife. The old Perſons ſit down, they dance. After the Dance*

Enter Favourite. (*Whiſpers to* Bonona.)

Bon. Well, Gentlemen, can we ſpare a little Time to take a ſhort Dinner, I promiſe you it won't be long. (*To* Furioſa, Wiſeman, *and* Wealthy.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Sprightly *dejected.*

Spright. This is to loſe an Eſtate; loſe an Eſtate, and loſe all; the Reſpect is gone with the Retinue ——'tis Wealth creates Reſpect —— no one eſteems a Man for his Virtue —— but what he is worth —— to have had an Eſtate, is the Way to loſe Friends. But I know well *Bonona* is ſo hoſpitable, ſhe'll bid me welcome if I go in; and I believe *Valentine* did not think I was out of Priſon, or

elſe

elſe I had been invited —— My Habit is yet ſcarcely come to my Condition —— I muſt undreſs my Mind —— yet hang't, I cannot cringe nor crave, nor creep in for a Dinner, nor become a Hanger on my old Acquaintances, I'll rather ſeek ſome lawful Adventures —— There are Places at Court and the Army —— But the Devil in't, none to be had without Money —— There are alſo ſome Places with Gentlemen of good Worth —— but who'll truſt me with their Eſtate, that could not manage my own?

Enter Latitat.

Spright. Oh! you're well met, Sir.

Lat. What, Monſieur *Sprightly*? what brings you here? You have a Deſign on ſome Lady; here's a deal o' Company within; but I fear they han't a Mind ——

Spright. To entertain ſuch a Rogue as you; Villain, thou haſt undone me —— Is it not enough to get my Eſtate, but jeer me too? No, I'm not Dirt for ſuch a Wretch to trample on —— I'll not be brav'd by thee.

Lat. By this Light, the Man's melancholly. What a ſudden Alteration's here? All Mercury when he ty'd me in the Chair —— bite —— * and now as grave as a *French* Prieſt that's going to the Gallows. Prithee, *Sprightly*, be not dejected at the Loſs of a few dirty Acres: I thought you had been ſo great a Philoſopher, as not to be mov'd, but laugh at all your own Misfortunes.

Spright. Hell and Furies!

Lat. Come, come, throw off this Garb of Sorrow; it as ill becomes you as a Maſk does an honeſt Woman.

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* *This Simile is exceeding juſt, and cannot be enough admired; for all the World knows, that a* Papiſt *going to the Gallows, is graver than a Proteſtant, and eſpecially a* French *one.*

Enter

Enter Valentine *with* Florida *in his Hand*, Friendlove *and* Candia, Conſtant *and* Clara, *and others.*

Val. (*to* Spright) I'm glad to ſee you, dear *Sprightly*. Will you walk in, and take what you find? Would you had been here ſooner.

Spright. I'd rather join Forces with you here, is there no Partner for me?

Val. If you have more Mind to dance than to eat, *Conſtant*'s Wife is within, ſhe'll be your Partner.

(*Exit* Sprightly.

Val. (*to* Latitat) Sir, will you walk in and ſee who are there?

Lat. I'll go in and ſee what, not who's there; I know where to find the who's when I have fill'd my Belly. (*Exit* Lat.

Val. Theſe Fiddling Dogs muſt eat their Dinner too; but that we loſe no Time, let's have one Song before they come.

SONG.

THE Frights of the Bottle, the Harms of ill Wine
Are choſen by ſome to drive away Time,
But aking the Head, and Sickneſs at Heart,
For thoſe ill-ſpent Hours doth make 'em to ſmart.
But Love's dear Enchantments good Time doth redeem,
Where no Pain, but all Pleaſure is ev'ry where ſeen,
But, &c.

The Plotters are out-plotted in this and in that,
And Catch comes home merry in a new Beaver Hat.
Revenge is a Miſchief that cannot be cur'd,
And Envy and Malice are not to be endur'd.
Love's Plot a fair Game doth hug and enjoy,
And drives all Revenge and Malice away.
Love's Plot, &c.

The Miſer his Riches up ſourly doth board,
And ſtarves his poor Soul at Bed and at Board;
He rakes and he ſcraper, and hath never Content,
At laſt he leaves all in an evil Moment.
But Love begins well, increaſeth Revenue,
Which here and hereafter doth always continue.
But Love, &c.

Val. Old Age is coming on, therefore let us withdraw a while.

An. Agreed. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Wiseman, Wealthy, Latitat, Bonona *and* Furiosa.

Lat. I wonder you that are Persons of Age and great Understanding, should offer to think of making Matches, and not in the first Place agree how to settle the Estates in Tail upon Entail for twenty Generations: How do you know but these Gentlemen may yet prove Spendthrifts? or, if they do not, it's possible that their Sons, or their Son's Sons may; and then think in what a Condition your Posterities will be in, e'en like yonder poor *Sprightly*, worse than Beggars, to sneak for a Dinner; want, and yet not have a Face to ask any Thing. Be rul'd by me, Tail all, make 'em Tenants for Life, that they may not let a Foot of Land more than for a Year, and not cut a Stick of Wood, no not to heat an Oven. Let 'em buy Coals and Fire, they have yet enough to pay for all.

Wisem. That's just to have the Name of an Estate, but no Use of it.

Weal. Mine came freely to me, and when I dye, so it shall go. I have often seen an Estate wasted, rather than upheld, by Reason of Settlements. One Fault made by a Clerk sets a Family together by the Ears; so its spent: The Lawyers get the Estate, and the whole Family ruin'd. Or, upon any Accident, that they have Occasion to raise Money, lose more by Leasing all, than they would do by selling a little out.

Fur. But, Mr. *Latitat*, is there no selling an Estate Tail?

Lat. Wou'd you sell any, Madam?

Fur. Whether I wou'd or not, I desire to know.

Lat. Wou'd you have my Advice?

Fur. I wou'd, Sir.

Lat. My Breath costs me Money to preserve it.

Fur. You were free enough just now, how came you Tongue-ty'd?

Lat. Why then, let me tell you, it may be, and it may not be; I can speak yet, but I cannot answer your Queſtion, 'till ——

Fur. You ſee an Angel.

Lat. But if you will, where will you find any one that underſtands your Title? There have been Fines and Recovery, and Entail, and Settlements upon Settlements. Every one knows to dock a Horſe's Tail, but to dock an Eſtate. This is another Piece of Buſineſs.

Fur. Well then, I'll let it alone.

Lat. Nay, if you have a Mind to ſell or Mortgage, I may find out a Way to do it.

Fur. Why, if there be ſuch Difficulty in the Matter, I'll never entail mine; I'm ſure you can make a Bill for doing it as long and as large as my Rental.

Lat. Well, let a Man adviſe how he will, I ſee you'll all do what you pleaſe. But you know I have Kindneſs for all your Families, and am able to give you Advice, having ſome Power in the Province, ſo that I can maintain what I ſay and do. Do not think I came hither to Day to eat the Gleanings; ſo farewel. (*Exit Lat.*

Fur. No, you came to interweave yourſelf in our Eſtates. It's well we all know him, but better I had never had his Acquaintance. —— I tell you one cannot change two Six-Pences for a Shilling but he'll get Two-Pence by it —— he's ſuch a ——

Bon. Well, here's too much; but as the young Folks are together acting their Parts, ſo we may do ours, and all hit one Mark; I perceive my Son hath a very great Affection for your Daughter.

Fur. How! your Son for my Daughter? My Daughter has it for him, I believe; for ſhe has never been well, ſince he lay at my Houſe. Nay, now I ſmell it, 'twas for this ſhe would go ſo oft a walking early in the Morning: I warrant they met. —— Nay, it's well then if he be not gone farther —— I wiſh all be well —— but it is well, for I have the Eſtate, ſhe cannot have it 'till after my Deceaſe.

except *Cross Farm* — Well, I'll consider of it — Why, your Son's an honest Gentleman, and a good Husband too — if it be not for Dogs and Hawks: I saw one on the Perch to Day; but it's all his Recreation, he's no Company-keeper. Doth he keep any Horses, Madam? Dogs, Hawks, and Horses, are ill Things, or else I like the Man well, and his Estate too.

Bon. Truly, Madam, he never desired to keep but a Brace of Geldings.

Fur. Then he's no Racer, no Gamester, no Drunkard; but is he not a Wencher? Ay, ay, they have had their Meetings, he loves a Wench.

Bon. I hope it was only with your Daughter he met.

Fur. Nay, then 'tis well enough. She'll not look on a Man that comes to the House, unless it be thro' the Window, as he goes away — well, for my Part, let it be a Match — but as to the Estate —

Wisem. You'll take your Neighbours Advice in that; here's *Wealthy* too, about matching his Daughter to *Friendlove*; you'll do like yourself, I doubt not.

Fur. I'll do as likes me well; I'll do nobly by 'em — you shall all say so. I'll have no need of *Latitat*; it shall e'en go as it come, the best Part she hath already due to her on Marriage by her Father's Will; the rest shall be after my Death; and you and I, good *Bonaia*, will live together, sometimes at your House, and sometimes at my House, Cafe for Cafe, 'tis done, 'tis done, I say.

Enter Sprightly.

Bon. (*To* Sprightly) Sir, I hope you meet with some one to entertain you.

Sprigbt. I never wanted Entertainment at your House.

Fur. But how came your Heels at Liberty, Cousin?

Sprigbt. An old Acquaintance of your Husband's, *Latitat*, you know him.

Fur. If he freed your Perſon, it was to catch your Eſtate, I'll warrant.

Enter Friendlove, Conſtant, Elonida, Candia, Clara, *and* Valentine.

Conſt. (*to* Bon.) 'Tis Time, Madam, to leave you now; you may very well be cloy'd with ſo much Company; and the Day is very far ſpent, and my Wife a bad Goer, yet ſhe'd rather do ſo than ride.

Bon. I would not preſs you to ſtay, your Company is very deſirable, and the Time, ſo far from being tedious, that methinks 'tis ſhort, as your Entertainment hath been; and ſhou'd be glad of you longer, but would not detain you to receive any Prejudice by walking in the Night.

Weal. Truly, Madam, that's the greateſt Courteſy now.

Val. (*to* Spright.) Pray ſtay till I return. [*They all take their Leaves, and walk down the Walk, but* Sprightly *and* Bonona.]

Spright. (*to* Bon.) Marry, Madam, I'm but now got out of the Briars.

Bon. I hope they have ſcratch'd you much.

Spright. They tore me naked enough, but left my Body whole and ſound. (Valentine *returns.*

Val. I'm heartily glad to ſee you in this Place, I did not think you had been in a Capacity, or I had ſent for you.

Spright. Never Man was ſo plagu'd —— I had (you know) mortgag'd my Land to *Latitat*, and have been ſo perplex'd with his Dealings, and by his Means, that if he would give me my Eſtate again, and had but one Foot in it, I wou'd ſcarcely accept of it; but being out of his Hands, I am as light and as eaſy —— (*Sings.*

Val. Well, Sir, I'm glad to ſee your Mind not burthen'd, now your Purſe is light. Will you go in and refreſh yourſelf? (*Ex.* Bon. *and* Spr.

Enter

Enter Favourite.

Fav. I hope, Sir, your Miſtreſs was well entertain'd; I'm ſure you'll not meet the like with her.

Val. It was well, *Favourite.*

Fav. It was too good for 'em ——— (*Aſide.*

(*A knocking at the Door.*

Enter a Boy with a Hawk.

Boy. Sir, my Miſtreſs *Candia* preſents her Service, and faith, ſhe knows none ſo like to be a good Maſter to her Brother's Hawk as you, and deſires you will accept of it. (*Val. takes it.*

Fav. (*Aſide.*) How! a Hawk from *Candia*! She's fallen in Love with him, or my Dinner; I'll go to Work, ay, that I will, *Florida* ſhall know it.

Val. My Service, pray, to thy Lady, and thank her. (*Gives the Boy Money.* *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Market.*

Enter Valentine *and* Friendlove.

Friend. HOW ſtand your Affairs? *

Val. I went myſelf the Day after you were with me, to ſee how my Miſtreſs got home, and *Furioſa* was in Haſte to have all Things done, and then, you may believe, I could not be backward; ſo it wholly reſts upon *Florida*,

* *A very proper Queſtion to ask a young Gentleman juſt going to be married.*

who,

who, I think, wants nothing but the Furniture for her Nuptials †. How ſtand your Affairs?

Friend. I was well intereſted in *Candia* before, and I find the old Gentleman not moroſe at all.

Val. She's really an excellent Lady, I'm oblig'd to her above Meaſure; ſhe was ſo kind as to ſend me her Brother's Hawk, which ſhe had well kept for his Sake, but ſhe thought it would do better with Exerciſe.

Friend. Then ſhe ſent you her Brother's Hawk.

(*Alter's Countenance, looks ſtrange.*

Enter Sprightly *and* Conſtant.

Conſt. Here's honeſt *Sprightly* come from the Metropolitan, piping full of News.

Val. Now he's not troubled with his Eſtate, he can bear a good Burthen of that ——

(Friendlove *walks about concernedly.*

Conſt. Well, *Sprightly*, how ſtand the Females? Are you a Man of Courtſhip ſtill?

Spright. See how Love and Marriage hath alter'd the Man! —— How came you to enquire after Women's Concerns? —— I tell you, they will ſooner receive me without Money, at an Hour or a Minute's Warning, than you in a Twelvemonths Courtſhip. Experience goes far.

Conſt. I doubt you did not find the like Reception at the Play-houſes.

Spright. Burn 'em, there's no reaching their Furbeloe Tails without a Settlement, beſides 10 or 20 Guineas at Entrance. I was long ſince cloy'd with old Plays, as every Body is; but every one is viſited, tho' there be nothing in it.

Val. Are your modern Poets good? I ſhou'd think the new Plays ſhou'd exceed the old. Variety of Example improve the Writers.

† PARAPHARNALIA:

* *Spright.*

* *Spright.* No, when a Poet hath been long exercising, his Pen is dull, as in all accidental Things; but we have Poets as pretty Fops as any about Town, and are fitter Subjects of Comedies, than Authors of any Thing. Whereas, they that are exercis'd in real and substantial Matters, still better themselves by Use; and then Plays are endeavour'd to humour the Times, and the Company that attend 'em; and therein they have an Eye to comply with the greater Number of People, who, for the most Part, are ill-bred Citizens, *Jews*, and Merchants 'Prentices: For that Cause they have Spices of Prophaneness, and rather encourage Vice, by setting it off with a Lustre, than blacken it; and render Virtue rather Folly than shew the Beauty of it. Besides, one of the best Poets is such a damnable Biter, Hater of the Clergy and Women, that he can scarcely write any Thing, but he must mingle a little of his Gall with it; so that his very Lampoons libel himself.

Const. I have heard there are some Citizens Men of Wit and Sense ——

Spright. Nor in the City; they have no more Wit in them than so many Hobby-Horses; they damn every Thing that's beyond their Apprehension. Their Understanding, lies only behind a Compter, in making themselves rich, and their Neighbours Bankrupts. The Women indeed have more Wit than their Husbands.

Val. Their Inclination lies only to Wits, and Men o' Fashion; I've been in some of their Bed-Chambers.

Const. You was in the right Room, but you shou'd have stept into the Bed, then you'd have been in the right Place ——

* *In this Speech, as well as in every other Part of the Play, the Author shews that he knows what true Poetry is.*

Spright. To

Spright. To plant Hieroglyphick Figures, and get the *French* Pox, egad; for 'tis as brief in this City, as Agues are in the Hundred of *Essex.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Spright. Their Sons who are call'd Beaus, have no Brains at all; but they laugh at a Play, and find Fault and censure things, that, egad, as Mr. *Bayes* says, they are not able to do themselves; but cry, in an effeminate Voice, Damn me, *Jack*, let's hiss it, take Snuff, sneaks off, and pay No-Body; but if a Gentleman, that sits two Stories above them, offer to give his Sentiment, they cry, Damn him, a Pimp, what does he hiss at? toss him over-board; so that the House is all in an Uproar.

Const. What do they do at Court?

Spright. Want and Age has made them great Husbands, and Civil; here and there a new Debauch, a fluttering Fellow creeps in to make some Laughter.

Val. But hast no News? 'Tis News I want.

Spright. No, not I, nor the Coffee-Houses neither; there's nothing but Tacking, calling of Names, and some in my Condition, factious, and troubling the Nation in hopes to get Preferment. The News Writers are turn'd Informers; only one honest Fellow I like in the *Savoy*, because he has nothing to write at home, or new abroad, stuffs the *Gazettee* with Ribbaldry, Cosmeticks, Marriages, *Scots* Pills, Strenghening Plaisters, and Strops to set Razors.

Const. Well, the less News the better; it seems there's no Fear of any Disturbance.

Spright. Not at all —— but I've one Thing to tell you of Moment.

Friend. And I've one Thing to tell you. (*Whispers to* Valentine.) A Lover should have a Hundred Eyes more than *Argus*, and Ears double the Number. (*Exit.*

Val. Hey dey!

Spright. The Duke of *Marlborough* is coming home; and as he passes, he's met and welcom'd by the Nobility and Gentry in the Country, with

Lawrels to crown him. No Man was ever more in the People's Affections.

Conſt. His Victory will be recorded, he cannot but be well accepted where'er he goes. I think, Gentlemen, the long Lawn, where the Country People uſe monthly Diverſions, may be a convenient Place to attend his Grace.

Val. And we may enquire his coming, and divulge it, beſpeaking the Country to come in, and have ſome Paſtimes to entertain him. I wiſh, if you approve of it, *Sprightly*, who haſt leaſt to do, wou'd take that Task upon you. What ſay ye?

Spright. What you pleaſe, I'll accept it with all my Heart. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Furioſa's *Houſe.*

Enter Furioſa, *and* Florida *with a Letter in her Hand.*

Flor. You ſee I have an unknown Friend.

Fur. Daughter, if there were any thing in it, you may think, ſhe being their Servant, would not betray him, if ſhe had not ſome By-end; and having a Deſign, you may well ſuſpect the Truth.

Flor. I would I might; but if it were not true, do you believe ſhe durſt write it; but this I dare ſwear, ſhe hath ſent him a Hawk, and he hath receiv'd it, and by receiving he obligeth himſelf to paying——— O falſe Man! It's well it's gone no farther, in good time he hath diſcover'd himſelf, or I might have been ruin'd; I'll to Town, where ſhe's always goſſiping, and I'll have a Tug with her.

Enter Major Sly.

M. *Sly.* I made bold to call and ſee you.

Fur. You are welcome, Sir.

Flor. O Mother, this Gentleman hath been long acquainted with all our Secrets; we have found him truſty, and his Advice good; I'll ſhew him the Letter,

Letter. (*Gives the Letter to Major* Sly, *who reads.*) Nay, Mother, if this be not a Diſcovery, I know not what to expect; you muſt know, Major *Sly*, this Gentleman that hath the Hawk, is a pretended Lover of mine.

M. *Sly.* You do well to ſay pretended.

Flor. So, Mother, you ſee he's of my Opinion ——— and what do ye adviſe, Major *Sly?*

M. *Sly.* Firſt be aſſur'd of the Truth, and then requite him.

Flor. I'll take your Advice, and when I know it, the firſt Man that asks me the Queſtion I'll away with, I'm reſolv'd to get a Husband, if I live and breathe. (*Aſide.*

Enter Valentine's *Boy with a Letter, goes to* Florida, *and preſents it.*

Boy. My Maſter preſents his humble Service; he's to go to meet the Duke of *Marlborough*, and begs to be excus'd for waiting on you 'till to Morrow.

Flor. No, your Maſter has a Hawk to follow, and a Lady to viſit that ſent it. Carry the Letter back again as you brought it. ——— (*Throws the Letter at him.*

(*Exit* Florida.

Fur. Do'ſt hear, Boy, had your Maſter a Hawk ſent him by *Candia*, and does he viſit her?

Boy. She ſent him her Brother's Hawk, becauſe ſhe was weary of keeping it, but my Maſter ne'er ſaw her ſince.

Fur. Haſte to your Maſter, and tell him, my Daughter is diſpleas'd with him, and is gone to meet *Candia* at Town. Let your Maſter meet her there.——

Boy. My Maſter went this Morning; I'll preſently run thither, and give him Notice of it, and he'll ſoon wait on her, I'm ſure.

Fur. Go then ſpeedily, fly. (*Exit Boy.*) I had Hopes, Sir, of ſeeing my Daughter ——— ſuddenly

marry'd, and this pitiful, unlucky Buſineſs of a Hawk has made her mad.

M. *Sly.* Truly, Madam, ſhe deſerves no better than to be affronted.

Fur. To be affronted, Sir, what's that? Is this ſuch an Affront? I tell you, as the Times go, a Woman ought to take a Husband with both Hands, and paſs by real Affronts, to open all to him: Nay, to a ſober Man, if he had nothing.

M. *Sly.* I grant, that a Man with no Eſtate wou'd be more reſpective to her than he that has.

Fur. What? No Eſtate! How wou'd that fill the Table, or keep a Fire in the Parlour?

M. *Sly.* She has enough to do both; and ſuch a Man might fill the Table as ſoon as a Man that has an Eſtate, and keep her warm in Bed, inſtead of a Fire.

Fur. Ay, indeed, ſuch a one might lie in Bed Night and Day, becauſe he has nothing to do.

M. *Sly.* She could find him Work enough ——— her Perſon and Eſtate to manage well.

Fur. I little expected to hear this from you; pray let me ſee your Face no more; be gone, Sir.

M. *Sly.* Pray, hold, Madam, wou'd you not give me Leave to try you? ——— You cannot think I wou'd e'er give you or her this Advice ——— I did not uſe to adviſe you thus in your Concerns.

Fur. I know you did not uſe it.

M. *Sly.* No, Madam, I doubt not but to reconcile her ——— a Hawk ſhall break no ſquares between 'em ——— pray let me ſtay, at her Return I doubt not but all ſhall be well; I'll have a Touch with her. (*Aſide.*

Fur. On theſe Terms, Sir, you ſhall be welcome, and ſtay 'till 'tis accompliſh'd ——— come in with me, and refreſh yourſelf.

SCENE III. *A Market.*

Enter Candia *and* Florida.

Flor. I thought I ſhould meet you here viſiting in Town, as you uſe to do.

Cand. My

Cand. My viſiting is of better Repute than your mewing yourſelf up, as if you were aſhamed to come abroad, becauſe you know not how to look any Body in the Face.

Flor. I would not have ſuch a brazen Face as you, that can like every Man you look on, and do ſuch things with thoſe who are no ways concern'd, as wou'd make any modeſt Woman aſham'd.

Cand. I'll tell you,—my Modeſty is more than your's, for I converſe with every one, and yet have never yielded to Temptations. You are modeſt, becauſe you cannot help it; never ſaw any one, and ſo were never try'd; it's but ſhame-fac'd Ignorance in you; I do nothing that I care not to do at the high Croſs in the Market.

Flor. That's becauſe you are Impudent, and care not what People ſay of you,

Cand. Why! What can you or any one ſay of me?

Flor. Yes, I can tax you, and that with a Witneſs.——What could be more impudent, than to ſend a Hawk, when you knew he was Suitor to me.

Cand. Ha, ha, ha! Is that the Matter; I did, and what then?

Flor. Then you are an undermining, deceitful Slut for it; and brazen it out with Laughter. For what Reaſon cou'd you do it?

Cand. Becauſe he's a worthy Gentleman.

Flor. And all the worthy Gentlemen muſt be your's.

Cand. No, I make no Pretence to him.

Flor. You wou'd fain; he hath not left me ſo baſely, but he'd leave you as dirtily.

Cand. Nay, if this be your Buſineſs, fare you well; I uſe not to come here to ſcold.

Flor. No, you have greater Deſigns. (*Ex.* Cand.) So, ſo, ſhe confeſſeth it; I'll be reveng'd on her one way or other, I'll ſupplant her in all the Lovers ſhe gets this ſeven Years.

Enter Valentine.

Val. It's a greater Happineſs, dear Madam, than I expected, to meet you here.

Flor. No,

Flor. No, you knew very well who to meet here, neither did I come to meet you here; and therefore if you are at my Devotion, ſtay here, and let me ſee you no more elſewhere. (*Exit* Florida.

Val. She's gone! was ever Man ſo unfortunate, as to diſoblige ſo good a Lady without any Deſign; through her Miſrepreſentation —— haſty Cenſure —— I'm made a Criminal, arraign'd, condemn'd, and not ſuffer'd to plead. —— But ſhall I cenſure her that's above all? No, ſhe wou'd never do it without ſome ſtrange Information; ſome Devil hath been at work, there muſt be more in it than the Hawk; if it be poſſible I'll find it out. (*Exit.*

Enter Friendlove *and* Candia.

Cand. My dear *Friendlove*, I've been ſo ſet upon, abus'd, and taunted at in this Room, without the leaſt Cauſe or Provocation.

Friend. Certainly, no Man could be ſo uncivil!

Cand. It was no Man, I aſſure you; it was *Florida*, on an errant Miſtake, ſhe is jealous and mad with me.

Friend. On a Miſtake!

Cand. Yes, really, my Brother's Hawk, which I have kept in remembrance of him, was ſpoil'd for Sport; I knew you delighted not in it, and I ſent it to *Valentine*, who told me, he had loſt his, when he found his Miſtreſs; and ſhe thinks I had other Deſigns in it.

Friend. Truly, ſhe had Reaſon; for it's not uſual for Ladies to make young Gentlemen Preſents, but upon ſome Deſign.

Cand. Is not Neighbourhood and Friendſhip a ſufficient Ground?

Friend. Ay, but to what does that Friendſhip tend?

Cand. I perceive, Sir, you are diſturb'd too; I thought you had known ſo much of my frank free Way, that you would not take Exception at ſuch a thing, a meer common Civility.

Friend. One

Friend. One Civility expects another; Madam, your humble Servant. (*Enter* Friend.

Cand. Is the World transform'd? or am I ſo ignorant of a due Conduct of myſelf, as to run into an Error, thus to loſe both my Friend and Lover; and make difference betwixt Lovers! but it appears, in this as in other things; that though there be the greateſt Innocency in the World, yet ſometimes one's Actions ſhall be miſtaken; and thereby become very offenſive; according to the Proverb, *That's well ſpoken, that's well taken.* (*Weeps.*) But what ſhall I do in this Condition? how to rectify it, I know not. Shall I go after *Friendlove*? ——he will not hear me; ſhall I go to *Valentine*? Then *Florida* will rave indeed, and pretend more Cauſe—— I'll e'en ſit down in Silence, and let Time, and that Providence that knows the Innocency of my Mind, work the Effect. My honeſt Freeneſs with *Friendlove* may have laid me under worſe Conſtruction—— had I kept him off with Diſſembling and Reſervedneſs, I had prevented that——but ſo long as his Importunity was the firſt Cauſe, and I have not ill plac'd my Affections, nor giv'n any real Cauſe of Diſtaſte, I have a whole Heart, I will not repine, but patiently wait the Event; and if I fall, accompanied by Virtue, I ſhall receive no Blemiſh. (*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Sprightly, Conſtant, *and Country People, with Officers forcing in* Latitat.

Spright. What's the Matter, good People?

1 *Countrym.* Oh! Maſter, that vaulmouth'd Rogue, *Latitat*, is arreſted upon fifty Folks Zutes, for having cheated half the Country; he cozen'd me, and my Siſter, and my Aunt *Wildfire*, that's a Widow, and a Fury, and as cunning an old Trot as ever let out Money at Twenty *per Cent.*

Lat. I never cheated her; ſhe was a Whore and a Presbyterian, and will ſing Pſalms, and ſmoak Tobacco, 'till ſhe's as drunk as a *Dutch* Trooper.

1 *Countrym.* Thou

1 *Countrym.* Thou ly'ſt, Varlet.

2 *Countrym.* An't pleaſe you, he got a golden Ring from me that weigh'd near four Ounces, and was ſet with my Grannum's grey Hair. I kept'n for a Membrance, and wou'd n't ha' parted with'n, good Lord, not for a hundred Oxen.

Lat. You pawn'd it to me for a Guinea, and it was not worth above fifteen Shillings.

1 *Countrym.* Then he chaws'd our *Suſan* out of Fifty Pounds to help her to a luſty, an honeſt, and a Pains-taking Husband; and afterwards he marry'd her to a diminutive whey-fac'd Taylor, that ne'er got her with Child.

2 *Countrym.* Pray, Friend, what Religion are you of, that you are ſuch a Rogue? They zay you're a *Papiſh.*

Lat. Perhaps, I was once a *Papiſh*, but, ſince that, like moſt of the World, I'm converted to no Religion at all.

Conſt. Why, *Latitat*, theſe are manifeſt Oppreſſions.

Lat. Well, Gentlemen, I have reflected ſeriouſly on my paſt Actions, and found myſelf not ſo honeſt as I ſhould have been; let them ſave me from the Mob, and I'm willing to ſurrender my Eſtate to the Uſe of my Creditors.

1 *Countrym.* Oh! It's well you are, or we ſhou'd have got an Act of Parliament againſt you. This *Pitkin's* Fate has frighted half the Rogues i'th' Nation, tho' I thought the Devil cou'd n't ha' tam'd a Lawyer, ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs aloud.*

All. Away with him, away with him.

(*They hawl him out.*

Spright. His Fortune's juſt; 'tis ſuch Vermin as theſe that diſturb the Peace of the Country; come, *Conſtant*, let's to the Coffee-Houſe, and read the Expreſſes.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Furioſa's *Parlour.*

Enter Furioſa, Florida, *and Major* Sly.

Flor. I Am not able to bear this; that I was juſt, as I thought, going to be marry'd, and be thus affronted; if he take theſe Courſes in the Heat of his Love, what can I expect from him under Decays? —— But I will not be diſappointed. (*Aſide.*

M. *Sly.* Truly, it's a Queſtion whether it were real Love.

Fur. Nay, do what you will, you'll never be fix'd, I believe, 'till you run away with ſome Body worth nothing. ——

Enter Valentine's *Boy with a Basket, offers a Letter to* Florida, *ſhe refuſeth it.*

Boy, (*to* Flor.) My Maſter, to ſhew, Madam, the Trouble he takes by your Miſapprehenſion, has ſent you ſome manifeſt Tokens: Here's the Hawk torn to Pieces with his own Hands. (*Pulls out of the Basket Wings and Legs of a Fowl;* Florida *turns away:* Furioſa *takes the Letter, and bids the Boy follow her.*) (*Exit* Furioſa *and Boy.*

Flor. If I forbad him to come himſelf, much leſs ſhould he have ſent his Boy. This is plain Deriſion, I'm reſolv'd on another Courſe, and will not be long about it. (*Walks about.*

M. *Sly.* I wish I had known your Mind before I came hither, I cou'd have help'd you to one that---- But 'tis too late, he's marry'd —— I wish I had an Estate worthy your Desert.

Flor. An Estate! I value it not, so I like the Man ——but my Mother will come and over-hear us, you and I will discourse another Time. (*Exit.*

Enter Valentine, Let-acre.

Val. You know I never delighted in any Thing so much as in a good Hawk; and this was such a one (poor Creature!) I would not have destroy'd it —— but what wou'd I not do, to appease *Florida's* Wrath? Nay, if this will not do, I'll abandon all.

Let. Sir, you have given a sufficient Evidence of your innocent Intent, and I hope she'll be satisfy'd.

—— *Enter* Favourite.

If she will not, there are other Women in the World as fair and as virtuous as she.

Flor. Oh! Sir, here's your kind Mistress; I wonder you should be so blind; what cou'd you expect of the Breed of *Furiosa?* —— she's the very Picture of ill Conditions; but you won't know how you might be well.

Val. Peace, you Abuser of the Phœnix of the World; I'm resolv'd, her or none. Nor the Power of Hell can ever force me from *Florida's* Love; 'tis rooted here so deep within my Heart, that he which pulls it out, pulls out at once that and my Soul together.

Enter Valentine's *Boy.*

What News dost bring? Hast brought me a Letter? What Message? speak.

Boy. Truly, Sir, she would receive neither the one nor the other. Her Mother took me in privately, told me, that she had labour'd more than she did in bearing

hearing her, to reconcile her, but found 'twas impoſſible! and ſhe (good Woman!) excus'd her not writing, in reſpect of her Age, ſhew'd her Grief by Tears, which ſhe ſaid ſhe had oft ſhed before her Daughter, tho' all in vain; and unleſs Time wrought upon her, there was no Hopes. I was ſo bold as to ask her Mother whether you might come and ſee her; ſhe anſwer'd me, No, her Daughter had often proteſted againſt it.

Fav. Go, go, Sir, go and make her two or three long Scrapes, nay, down on your Knees; ſhe's the Deity you adore. See if ſhe will take you as her Footman (if ſhe knew how to keep one) that would ſerve your Turn —— a ſcurvy proud Mink!

Val. Be gone, you Baggage, or I'll kick you. (*Thuſts her. Ex.* Favourite *and Boy.*) I'm reſolv'd, *Let-acre*, to quit my Habitation, which ſome may think ſtrange, but there's no reſiſting it, I'll travel, and leave all Affairs to your Management; if haply I may hear any Thing of the melting of her Heart, I may return in time; otherwiſe, until you ſee me, expect no more; and herein be ſecret. When I'm gone, give this Letter to my Mother, comfort her in my Abſence, and let her find no Want of me. (*Let-acre weeps.*) You may enquire how *Florida* ſtands affected, and you ſhall have Letters how to ſend to me; but if you ſend me the leaſt Word more than the real Truth, expect I will always look on you afterwards as a falſe Friend.

Let. Dear Sir, let not ſuch a Houſe remain without an Inhabitant, nor ſuch an Eſtate without an Occupant; in your Abſence we are all but Cyphers.

Val. An Eſtate is only worth the enjoying, for the Satisfaction it yields; and I'm ſure there's nothing of that I can enjoy in it, unleſs *Florida* be its Miſtreſs.

Let. Pray, Sir, why ſhould a Woman's Humour thus diſturb you, who have always liv'd ſo upright in your Actions, as that no Recoils of Conſcience can afflict you? to leave all, and become a Vagrant in the World, muſt certainly be inhuman. You are not to ſerve your Paſſions, but to command them;

and uſe them only as they may tend to your Comfort. Flying from your Acquaintance is as flying out of the World; nay, worſe, for it makes you deplor'd in the World; you'll appear deſpicable to thoſe that know not your Worth, nor Fortune. Beſides, the Want of Language and thoſe Country Manners will be troubleſome to you; render you contemptible. (*Falls on's Knees.*) Good Sir, reſolve not on ſuch a blind diſconſolate Life in this your Nonage. (*Exit* Let-acre *weeping.*

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. I am come to ask you Pardon for the Diſtaſte I took at your receiving the Hawk; I'm ſatisfy'd by what I hear, and you have done, that there was no Deſign on either Side; and *Candia* has ſuffer'd too much thro' my fooliſh Apprehenſions; I hope *Florida* is no leſs ſatisfy'd than I am.

Val. I cou'd wiſh ſo too; but I find it otherwiſe, and therefore my Satisfaction is departed: I wiſh you Proſperity in your's, tho' myſelf be miſerable.

Friend. But is there no Hopes of Reconcilement?

Val. I have endeavour'd to viſit, ſend Friends, Letters, and what I can, tho' to little Purpoſe —— and therefore I'm reſolv'd.

Enter Bonona.

Her Diſpleaſure is enough to force me to that Courſe I muſt inevitably purſue.

Bon. Son, methinks, you ſhou'd call in your Reaſon to aſſiſt you againſt that Melancholy that afflicts your Mind; what cannot be remedied muſt be endur'd, there's no outward Calamity of that Value, as that it ought to put our Minds out of Order.

Val. Mother, I confeſs it's my Weakneſs.

Enter Candia.

Cand. (*to* Val.) I have been, Sir, asking *Florida* Forgiveneſs for my miſtaken Error; and have us'd

all Means to expiate what ſhe takes for an Offence, and my Innocence I have teſtify'd by my Tears.

Val. Since you have been ſo kind, what Effect has it had on her?

Cand. I cannot, Sir, brag of the Force of my Power in prevailing with her, ſhe ſeems ſo obſtinate. (*Exit* Val.

Bon. Thoſe Obligations you have both laid upon me by your Endeavours, I am not able to anſwer ——he's gone, and now alas! I find he deſigns ſome Courſe that cannot be ſo grievous to him as to me; and to prevent it by withſtanding, I think, will but make him more reſolute; I ſhall rather hope that in giving them their full Latitude, they may at laſt be expended. For to a Mind fully reſolved, Counſel is tedious, and Reprehenſion loathſome; and Grief is ſooner overcome by following than oppoſing.

Friend. Madam, I am concern'd for him, as my worthy Friend and Neighbour; and the more (if any Thing can augment it) becauſe it was occaſion'd by my dear *Candia*, and ſhall therefore uſe all Means to diſcover the Courſe your Son takes, and have an Eye upon *Florida*, if poſſible, too.

Cand. I hope to ſee it effected ſpeedily, for I can have no Joy in celebrating my own Nuptials, unleſs they go Hand in Hand with us. (*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. *A Market Town.*

Enter Sprightly *and* Conſtant.

Sprigbt. In good Faith, *Conſtant*, this Recovery from *Latitat*, and ſufficient Charges that the Court has given me, has put me in a better Condition than my Father left me —— I'm now clear of all Debts, and have my whole Eſtate again —— I have rambled enough —— I have a good Mind to ſettle my ſelf and marry —— ſhall I have your Siſter *Clara*?

Conſt. Faith, get her Conſent, you ſhall ha' mine.

Enter

Enter Wealthy, Wiseman, *Clerk, and Country People.*

Wisem. (*to* Constant *and* Sprightly.) You're well met, Gentlemen. (*To the Country People.*) We sent you Notice of this Business, and, in order to it, *Wealthy* and myself have made an Inventory of *Latitat*'s personal Estate, and taken a Survey of his real Estate, and have summon'd the Country to come in, and make their Claims, therefore pray let's sit down and proceed. (*They sit at a Table, the Clerk enters as they direct him.*

Enter Latitat.

Weal. You had Notice of our Business here, *Latitat*, and as the People make their Complaints, if they object more than is in it, do you answer. It's possible you may have some Kindness from these Gentlemen, if any of the Estate remain after Satisfactions to the Griev'd.

Lat. I thank you, Gentlemen, for your good Intentions; I doubt not, but as you are Men of good Conscience, you will consider ——

Wisem. Come, honest Men, let's hear your Complaints and Demands.

1 *Countrym.* Gentlemen, I wot you to know he serv'd me with a Writ.

Lat. How! I serve you with a Writ! I never ——

1 *Countrym.* The Bailiff you sent did, and I gave Bond to appear next Term; but before the Term came on, I 'greed with my Neighbour; but because I did not appear, he put the Bail Bond in Suit against me, without my Neighbour's Consent; and tho' I took a Journey quite to the Sheriff, I could not be discharg'd till I paid *Latitat* 3*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* for Charges as he said he had spent.

Lat. How did I know they had agreed? I was to prosecute him for my Client the best I cou'd.

Wisem. Did ever your Client come to give you Direction to declare, or go on against him?

1 *Countrym.*

1 *Countrym.* No, he did not, here's my Neighbour will justify it.

2 *Countrym.* I'll tell your Worships nothing but the Truth. I gave him 15 *s.* for the Writ, and serving it, beforehand: When we agreed, my Neighbour paid me my Charges; and so I never went to *Latitat* to go on.

Const. I think the Countryman ought to have his Money again; and if you are so content, let the Clerk enter it.

All. Content, Content.

3 *Country.* I was, an't please your Worships, disturb'd with the Dogs barking in the Night, when People us'd to visit one of my Neighbours Wives; and sometimes by fighting about her, that one Day I wish'd her Husband either to get the Nighbours Dogs Mouths ty'd up, or a *Spanish* Lock for his Wife. And upon this *Latitat* prosecuted a Suit against me, and brought it to an Outla'ry. Before I had the least Notice, I was taken as I went to Market on urgent Occasion, kept in Prison 'till the Term, and then forc'd to make a Journey to the great Town to appear in Person in Court; and before my Appearance to the Suit wou'd be accepted, I must reverse the Outla'ry, pay a great deal of Money; and when I had done it, they let fall their Action, because what I spake was nothing. It cost me in all 15 *l.* Besides, I was forc'd to sell two of my best Milch Cows, and I had but four in all.

Lat. I did but do the best I cou'd for my Client, to make him hold his babbling Tongue; what had he to do with what other Mens Wives did?

Wisem. You know this Man was a Husbandman, and must be continually on his Business; so you might have taken him on the first Writ, without suing him to an Outla'ry; and why did you suffer your Client to begin a Suit you durst not follow? — I think, Gentlemen, he ought to have his whole Money.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Clerk

Clerk enters.

Lat. If you go on at this Rate, what ſhall I have?

Countrym. He us'd me juſt as he us'd Mr. *Sprightly*, for 60 *l.* in Money, and about 40 *l.* in Bills, forc'd me to ſell my Land for a third Part leſs than it was worth, to him.

Weal. This Man had 60 *l.* in Money; let him pay that to the Clerk to be diſpos'd of as we think fit; and let the Man have his Land again, and all's well.

Lat. Shall not I have 60 *l.* nor my Money for the Bills?

Wiſem. The Money is at our Diſpoſe; and for the Bills, you ſhou'd have made them honeſter; what ſay you, Gentlemen.

All. Content, content.

Country People. Thank your Worſhips.

Weal. Let's adjourn to the next Market-Day.

Clerk. O yes! O yes! O yes! you that have any more Complaints to make, attend here ——.

Enter Countryman in haſte.

Country. Hold, hold! I beſeech you, hold! let me intreat your Worſhips to hear me, I'll be very ſhort, and not detain you —— he has got my Eſtate! —— all my Eſtate! —— and I have no Money left! —— I cannot live if you do not help me.

Weal. But how? he might get your Eſtate honeſtly, and pay the Worth.

Countrym. Honeſtly! no, no, Sir, he cou'd never do that in his Life; he forc'd me out of it.

Wiſem. How did he force you out of it?

Countrym. He enter'd on it, and took the Profits by Force.

Wiſem. After what Manner did he do it? tell how; did he beat thee out of it? or ſhut thee up in a Room? or put you in Priſon, 'till he got it?

Countrym. Beat

Countrym. Beat me! no, wou'd we cou'd have fought for it, I wou'd not trouble you; I cou'd bang him with a good Will.

Wiſem. What Means did he uſe to force you?

Countrym. Why, yo'a hitten before; in Priſon, in Priſon.

Lat. I never put him in Priſon in my Life; I got him out.

Wiſem. You ſaid you would quickly make your Complaint, and yet have ſaid not one Word to the Purpoſe.

Countrym. Why! did I not tell you he has my Eſtate?

Conſt. But how came he by it?

Countrym. Why! as he does other Folks, for half the Money.

Conſt. Tell then what Courſe he took to get it.

Lat. He knows not what to tell, for I had it honeſtly, I ſay, and I'll tell ye.

Countrym. Honeſtly; thou ly'ſt.

(*Countryman heaves up his Staff.*

Lat. He mortgaged it to me for almoſt as much as it was worth.

Countrym. All falſe, all falſe, an't like your Worſhips; I mortgag'd my Eſtate to him for not a Quarter ſo much as it was worth. He fell'd my Wood, and made what Markets he wou'd of my Eſtate, that I might be forc'd to ſell it him at his own Rates, or have nothing; for when Money was provided to pay him off his Mortgage, he wou'd not take it, forſooth, becauſe I was not there in Perſon, which he knew I cou'd not be; he preſently after the Day got a Judgment for my Land, and an Ejection for me (I think they call it) and will have it unleſs you help me.

Conſt. Then you have not ſold it yet.

Countrym. No, but he'll have it without ſelling; he's a great Man, and I cannot ſtrive with him, he has a Judgment for it.

Wiſem. Well, *Latitat*, do you and he Account againſt our next Meeting; and what's due from him ſhall be paid to us, and he enjoy his Land.

Lat. With all my Heart, Gentlemen; but you'll conſider it's my Money.

Spright. At our Diſpoſe ——

Countrym. He'll count what he pleaſes with me, he'll count and have all. Do you count with him, Gentlemen.

Wiſem. Latitat, bring the Accompt of what's due to you here the next Market Day, and Countryman, do you bring a Note what Intereſt you have paid, and what he has made of Timber, and we'll ſet the Accompt right.

Countrym. Thank your Worſhips.

All. Agreed, agreed. (*All riſe.*

Clerk, O yes! O yes! O yes! You that lay any Claim to *Latitat*'s Eſtate, come hither this Day ſe'nnight by Nine of the Clock in the Forenoon.

(*Exit Gentlemen.*

Lat. (*to the Country People.*) Are you ſo ill-natur'd, now a Man is down to trample on him; oppreſs an honeſt Man that has been always ready to help you.

1 *Countrym.* Oppreſs you, 'tis you have undone us; how did you get our Eſtate, but by oppreſſing us? We ask but for our own.

2 *Country.* You built a fair Houſe, but the Foundation was laid on other's Ruins; and it muſt needs fall.

3 *Countrym.* You're a cheating Raſcal.

Lat. Bear Witneſs he calls me Knave.

All. A Knave you are in Grain.

(*Ex. omnes ſcolding with him.*

SCENE III. *A Walk of confus'd Trees, repreſenting a Deſart.*

Enter Valentine *and Boy with two Saddles on's Back, and Wallet.*

Val. Let our Horſes e'en take their Freedom as we do; if they like to go home, they can find the Way; but certainly they'll enfranchiſe themſelves in this Deſart, to be free from the World's Toils —— That

That Place looks wild, like my Thoughts, and yet dark and unfrequented; fit for me to unburthen my Mind in; not ſo much as a Bird, I dare ſay, unleſs a melancholy one, an Owl, or ſuch like, make her Retirement here. (*An Owl hollows.*) Nor Beaſt, I believe, unleſs the wild Beaſts have their Dens there—

(*A Bear and Leopard walk a-croſs the Deſart at a Diſtance.*

Boy. Oh! Maſter, Maſter! What's that?

Val. They are a Bear and a Leopard, but they prey ſeldom at home. However, Boy, be bold and daring. (*Enters the Deſart.*

At Lions, Boy, look big, if ſuch thou ſee,
At a Man's Voice and Courage they will flee,
How I'm inſpir'd, free from falſe loving Care,
Freed from the ſoul tormenting helliſh Fear.

(*As he goes forward, finds a Cave or hollow Tree.*

This ſure is an untrodden holy Ground,
Lay down the Saddles, they will ne'er be found,
This ſure has been ſome Hermit's lodging Place,
Moſt fit for me, moſt kindly to embrace;
Hang up thy Wallet on that Tree,
And creep thou in this hollow Place with me.
There let us reſt our weary Limbs 'till they more weary be.

Boy. There's nothing left in the Wallet but one Piece of Cheeſe, what ſhall we do for Bread?

Val. When we have ſlept, we will ſeek out Some Roots that ſhall ſupply that Doubt.

Boy. But no Drink, Maſter.

Val. Under that Rock a Spring I ſee,
Which will refreſh my Thirſt and thee.

(*They both creep into the hollow Tree.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Room.*

Enter Sprightly *and* Clara.

Spright. WHY do you ſay, Madam, you have no Place for Love?

Clara. I never ſaid ſo, but I find Diſcouragement to give it any Entertainment.

Spright. 'Tis true, I am unworthy of it, but ſince Love enforces me, have ſome Pity on your Lover.

Clara. Have you not ſeen the Effect it has had on *Valentine*? He has left his Houſe, and gone to wander like a diſtracted Man; and *Florida* is ſo fooliſh as to revenge herſelf on him that never ſlighted her. The like Jealouſy may take hold on others.

Spright. One Swallow makes not a Summer; beſides, thoſe Follies you'll quickly ſee at an End.

Clara. When I hear that I'll ſay more ——— but in the mean Time ———

Spright. Let me have the Favour to honour and love you.

Clara. You may do as you pleaſe, but give me Leave to preſerve myſelf ———

Spright. 'Till you prove my Conſtancy, and then make me happy. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Deſart.*

Enter Friendlove *in a Diſguiſe.*

Friend. He's ſo averſe to Company, I'm ſure he'll not to Court; my greater Fear is he's gone to travel;

vel; for that to him, unexperienc'd in Language, and unacquainted with the World, will be a Wilderneſs of Men inſtead of Beaſts; and it may be, in as much Danger as among the Savages, if he be ſeen by ſome. (*Looks towards the Deſart,*) What wild untrodden Place is that? Like enough for him, but muſt certainly be the Habitation of ſome wild Beaſts. " (*Wild Beaſts bowling croſs the lower End*
" *of the Deſart.*) Ha! there they be; if he ſhould
" (not knowing it) have made his Abode here, he
" muſt have been a Prey to ſome of theſe before
" now. That's in vain to ſeek for him —— yet
" I'll in a little." (*As he goes, finds the Saddles; takes up one.*) Certainly I have ſeen this Saddle, it muſt be his; he's not far off, I hope ——— (*Goes further, finds the hollow Tree, puts in his Hands, pulls out ſome of his Clothes.*) Who's here? What are you? Speak.

Val. Who is it that diſturbs my quiet Reſt,
And will not ſuffer me t'enjoy what's beſt?

Friend. One that no Ill to any one deſires,
And one (it may be) burning with like Fires,
Speak, let me hear, or let me ſee,
What Creature's more perplex'd than me.

" *Val.* Oh! do not, do not hence invite,
" One that the World renounceth, a Hermite.
" *Friend.* Hermites let's be together, join'd in one,
" Tho' we are two, yet we ſhall be alone;
" Griefs join'd and Godlineſs become the ſtronger,
" Hide not thyſelf, refrain me now no longer.
" *Val.* I will look out and ſee my Brother,
" We may converſe, if th'rt no other.
(*Looks out with a long Beard.*
" *Friend.* Come, Brother, come, let's wander here
" a while,
" That I myſelf of Freedom may beguile.
" *Val.* Nay, here's the greateſt Freedom found,
" Freed from the Cares and Toils 'mongſt Men
" abound.
" (*Coming out, they walk up to the Stage, looking*
" *diſmally on each other,* Friendlove *having faſt*
" *hold on* Valentine's *Hands, who draws back*
" *often*

" *often.*)" Why wou'd you bring me forth into this open Air, which changes me from my very Profeſſion? ——— I'll retire. (*Draws back, appears weak, but* Friendlove *holds him.*

Friend. Certainly, this Face and Voice (tho' wholly transform'd) I did once know. (*Aſide.* The Love that I bear *Valentine* does eaſily diſcover ſomething of him to me. Know'ſt thou not thy true Friend? (Valentine *ſtarts back,* Friendlove *lays hold on him.*

Val. I cannot call you ſo, ſince nothing but what you offer wou'd beget Enmity.

Friend. For ſhame! renounce not thus yourſelf to live only with Savages. Do you ſee what Beaſts reſort only here?

Val. Tell me, *Friendlove*, thou'rt once my Friend, why ſhou'd not I leave that World I have no Pleaſure in?

" *Friend.* Some good Perſons have formerly taken " ſuch a Courſe, but it was when their Lives were " ſo endanger'd for their upright Walking, that " they durſt not appear amongſt Men" ——— but Man is a ſociable Creature, and is only uſeful in an active way, among his Fellow Creatures. The Tryal of our Minds is by Actions. No Man knows which Way he'll ſteer himſelf, 'till he lets forth into the Ocean; and to bear up in Storms, ſhews him an able Pilot. To be thus ſecluded is unnatural, and therefore irreligious; and muſt be either out of a vain Conceit, that he's better than all others, no one being good enough for his Company; or out of degenerate Fear of flying from leſſer Evils into a greater; or thro' a Puſillanimity of Mind that he cannot bear the common Diſaſters Men are ſubject to.

Val. Let mine be accounted the laſt, Oh!

(*Falls in a Swoon.*

Friend. What dying? (*Lays hold on him, rubs his Temples, raiſing him with Difficulty, conducts him to the Tree; returns to the Stage.*) That ever a noble Mind ſhould be thus ſtupify'd; his Paſſions

firſt

firſt overcame him; and now by faſting and ill Food, ill Humours are predominant, and his Senſes deprav'd.

Enter a Servant in Haſte.

Serv. Sir, according to your Directions I have attended, and diſcover'd the Courſe *Florida* has taken, and is about. The preſent Exigency will not give me leave to tell you more than what concerns the preſent Action; Major *Sly* has inveigl'd her to run away, and he has appointed Horſes to meet them in the Wood hard by. They have travell'd on Foot all Night, and will preſently paſs this way; I ſaw 'em not far off, if you lie cloſe, you ſhall ſee 'em inſtantly; I ran hard to come hither, as you appointed me, undiſcern'd.

Friend. Let's lie obſcure and watch them.

(They ſit themſelves under a Tree.

Enter Major Sly *and* Florida *on the other Side, walking apace to croſs the Stage;* Friendlove *as they come near him, ſtarts up, draws a Sword, trips up his Heels.*

Friend. Have at you, Sir,

M. *Sly.* Ha! betray'd!

(They fight, Friendlove *diſarms him.*

Flor. Murther! Murther!

Friend. Your Life, Sir.

M. *Sly.* I own it.

Friend. Be gone then, Sir.

M. *Sly.* Unlucky Accident! but ſtill I'll be reveng'd; let me think a little as I go. *(Aſide.*

Friend. Ha! what ſays the Fellow? *(Kicks him.*

(Exit M. Sly.

Flor. O! thou Wild Monſter of Mankind, whoſe Venom breathes itſelf thus to the Deſtruction of thy Betters!

Friend. Peace, Madam; if I had kill'd him, it had been but Juſtice.

Flor. And

Flor. And muſt you make yourſelf Judge, Jury, and Hangman? tho' the laſt might be a proper Office for you, yet I'm ſure you have no Right to the former; Oh, thou Villain!

Friend. When Perſons take ſuch wild Courſes, and in ſuch a Way, that the Law cannot prevent 'till 'tis too late, but only puniſh afterwards; Juſtice muſt be done otherwiſe.

Flor. Juſtice, Raſcal! doſt thou talk of it! it's Murther! and thou ſhalt have Juſtice.

Friend. No, Madam, he's a Robber, you an Heireſs, and he ſtole you away; and had you gone on, it had been paſt Redemption.

Flor. Never was Rape committed with Conſent of Parties; I went willingly with him.

Friend. You are then a forſworn Wretch, and a Murtherer too, have kill'd the Innocent; do you not know you have deſtroy'd *Valentine*? ——— I'll ſee Juſtice executed on you, " tho' I'll not put " my Hand on your Sex; do you ſee thoſe Beaſts " in the Deſart? *(Wild Beaſts in the Deſart.)* They " ſhall take the Office of Executioner, that you " wou'd put upon me, and I'll be your Judge.

Flor. What Pretence have you to meddle with me?

Friend. The Authority of Honour; I cannot ſuffer my Friend's Death to go unreveng'd; but in or near where *Valentine* has languiſh'd for you, ſhall thoſe Executioners have a Prey. *(Takes her violently by the Arms, ſhe ſtorms and draws back at their Entrance into the Deſart, the Beaſts fly away.)* Tho' I ſpar'd your Companion's Life, that Bear that runs from us has ſeiz'd him.

Flor. And Vengeance will light on thee.

(Valentine, *as hearing their Voice looks out of the Tree.*

Friend. Seeſt thou that Face, abominable Woman? Come, come, *Valentine*, ſee thou here this faithleſs perjur'd Creature.

Val. Spare her, noble *Friendlove*. (Valentine *looks out and comes forth weak, led by's Boy; ſhe turns her Face from him, after Major* Sly; Friend-

love

love *holding her, brings her out of the Deſart, and* Valentine *follows faintly.*)

Friend. Do you ſee, Mrs. Cruelty, how you have us'd a worthy Gentleman? do you know him pray?

Flor. I know not him, but you to be a Villain?

Friend. I ſhall cool your Haughtineſs before I've done. Do'ſt think there's any Death bad enough for thee? can'ſt not afford him one kind Look? I'll be thy Hangman, to which thou judgeſt me; for I'll tye thee to a Tree, and thou ſhall eat thy own Fleſh, die with Famine; and the Bear that devour'd the Raſcal, when he hath diſgorged him, ſhall ſwallow what's left of thee; and ſo you ſhall enjoy him, by being buried in the ſame Grave — *Will.* reach me one of thoſe Girths from the Saddle (*To his Servant.*

Flor. I'll rather be torn by twenty wild Beaſts, than ty'd to that Beaſt.

(*Pointing and looking ſcornfully at* Valentine.

Friend. Then you cannot relent? " Valentine " *comes up to her, and kneels; ſhe kicks him down.*) " Did you never hear of a Law of Retaliation, " Miſtreſs? I'll tell you, as he hath been miſera- " ble in that Tree, ſo ſhall it be your Lot; I'll " ſhut you up all but one Hole for the Bear to put " in his Noſe; and when thou ſtinkeſt (as ſuch a " putrify'd Soul will ſoon do) the Bear ſhall pull " thee out piece meal, and devour one Limb after " one another.

" *Val.* Torn Piece by Piece! alas! 'tis a Sight " will rack my Soul.

" *Friend.* Nay, there's no avoiding; Sentence is " paſt. (*He puts the Girth about her, ſhe draws back.*

" *Serv.* Let's bind her quickly, and begin the " Sport.

Val. O! *Friendlove,* if you love me, hurt her not. " (*Boy lays hold of* Friendlove, Valentine *creeps* " *betwixt them and the Deſert. The Boy lays hold* " *on* Friendlove, *his Man pulls off the Boy, and* " *throws him down,* Friendlove *gets by* Valentine, " *and draws her by him.* Valentine *gets up, lays hold* " *on the Girth.*) Boy, where art? hold him, I ſay;

" O that I had Strength! thou Afflicter of Man
" and Womankind! (*She ſtoops and gets out of it,*
" *catcheth hold on* Valentine *and kiſſeth him.*

Flor. No Force nor Frowns could turn my Heart; but Kindneſs, this Kindneſs of thine beſpeaks thy Loyal Soul — Enough, enough, my dear *Valentine*; nay, ten thouſand times too much has thou endur'd, (*Weeps.*) Canſt thou but pardon!

" *Val.* Madam, Pardon me that have ſeen you
" ſo afflicted, and had not Strength enough to ſuc-
" cour you.

" *Flor.* O let me be your Hireling, your menial
" Slave; I'll noint thoſe Limbs with Balſam, waſh
" thoſe Feet with Tears; or if you hate my Sight
" (as well you may) let me go and offer up my-
" ſelf to thoſe Savage Beaſts, to expiate my Of-
" fence.

Val. This Kindneſs is too great, I cannot bear it; no, live for ever, and let me embrace thee with the ſame cordial Tenderneſs I ever did.

(*Embraces her.*

Friend. I hope now, Madam, you'll marry him.

Flor. You need not ask me that Queſtion; I wiſh I were worthy, I doubt I have offended him too much; but I'll attend him home, cheriſh him with Cordials, make him Broths, anoint his Limbs, and be a Nurſe, a tender Nurſe to him.

(Valentine *embraces.*

Friend. Let's go, I'll attend his Recovery, and prepare good Company to celebrate the joyful Nuptials.

(*Ex. om.*

SCENE III. *The Market Town.*

Enter Sprightly *and* Clara.

" *Spright.* I hope now you hear all's well with
" *Valentine* and *Florida*, you'll remember your
" Promiſe.

" *Clar.* All well, alas! poor Gentleman, he's
" in a brave Condition to marry, can hardly ſtand
" on's Legs.

" *Spright.* If he prove a weak Husband, ſhe may " thank herſelf that brought him to it.

" *Clar.* She may have ſome Buſineſs for a Wife " too to Nurſe him.

" *Spright.* Let them do as they can, I hope we " ſhall do proper Buſineſs.

" *Clar.* It's not come to that yet.

Spright. I hope you'll not be worſe than your Word.

Clar. I never promis'd you yet.

Spright. You may do it now.

Clar. Two Words to that Bargain, Sir.

Spright. You don't know the Faſhion, Madam, long Courtſhips are a Jeſt; for if People were to conſider, and well weigh the State of Matrimony, I'm ſure neither Side would agree to it.

Clar. I love the Faſhion, I confeſs, and if you ſay it be ſo, I muſt ſubmit.

Spright. Speak then.

Clar. What muſt I ſay?

Spright. Will you have me?

Clar. Will you have me?

Spright. You ſhould have anſwer'd me, but ſince you ask my Queſtion, I'll anſwer for you: Yes, I'll have you.

Clar. If I did miſtake the Mode, I'll anſwer your Queſtion; but may not you ask again?

Spright. Yes, I may, and will, rather than break a Ceremony. Will you have me?

Clar. But what muſt I anſwer?

Spright. What you pleaſe.

Clar. Why then I'll have you; and happy's the Wooing that's quick in the doing. (*Sings, he kiſſes her.*) And if thou wilt kiſs me, I'll kiſs thee again. (*Sings.*

Spright. So here's *quid pro quo*, and mutual Contract.

Clar. And what next to be done?

Spright. The Parſon, and then Conſummation, my Dear.

Clar. Ah! gad, I ſhall never be able to bear it. (*Runs out. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bonona's *Houſe. A Knocking at the Door.*

Enter Boy on the one Side, and lets in Wealthy.

Weal. Tell your Miſtreſs I'd ſpeak with her.

Enter Bonona.

Good Neighbour, I am heartily glad to ſee you, and rejoice both at your Son's Return, and to hear all things are ſo happily accommodated; is your Son perfectly recover'd yet?

Bon. I thank you, he is recover'd beyond Expectation, conſidering the ſad Condition he was in, and the ſhort Time ſince his Return.

Weal. I am come a Suitor to you for your Favour.

Bon. If you have any Requeſt to me, you know I am in all Things ready to ſerve my Friend.

Weal. My Suit is only for a long-wiſht-for Satisfaction. *Friendlove* hath told me of *Florida*'s great Relenting; *Sprightly* hath gain'd the good Will of *Clara*; my Daughter alſo and *Friendlove* are agreed; and 'tis my Deſire, if it ſuit with your Son's Health, that theſe Marriages may be celebrated at my Houſe.

Bon. Your Requeſt is ſo agreeable, it would eaſily be granted; but my Son, tho' he hath recover'd his Health and Strength, and refreſheth himſelf with warm Baths, and kept tenderly in the Houſe, he's not yet fit for the open Air; and as the firſt publick Meeting of you all was at my Houſe, ſo let me beg the Favour that it may be there again; and we'll viſit you another Day.

Weal. If you will accept of the Trouble, it's all the Reaſon in the World we ſhould be at your Diſpoſal, and I ſee your Generoſity is always the ſame.

Bon. Will you accept then of my Invitation for this Day?

Weal I'll

Weal. I'll not only do it, but let all the Parties concern'd know, as from you, without farther Ceremony. (*Exit* Wealthy.

Bon. Who's there?

Enter Favourite.

I muſt have a Dinner, *Favourite*, provided to Day for the good Company you lately ſaw here; and ſuch a one as is fitting for my Son's Wedding Day.

Fav. Yes, Madam. (*Aſide.*) Then it will be done at laſt.

Bon. The beſt Entertainment, *Favourite*, you ever provided me; conſider what you have, and what you want, and get all ready in few Hours. (*Exit* Bonona.

Fav. I had more need of a Week's Time, than two or three Hours, to do as you expect. (*Aſide.*) Are all the Breaches I have made, heal'd up again? I've a good Mind to put Ratsbane into the Diſhes, and poiſon 'em all. (*Exit.*

Enter Valentine *and* Florida.

Flor. That ever Man ſhould be ſo kind, and accept of me with that Tenderneſs of Affection — forgetting my Follies, is to Admiration; and if ever I ſhould appear fooliſh in any Manner, give me but the leaſt Intimation, and I hope you'll find no ſmall Meaſure of Duty.

Val. You ſay more than needs, I would never mention what's paſt, that it may be wholly obliterated; but if we had not felt ſome Pain, we ſhould not have that Senſe of Pleaſure, which we do, and hope ſhall ſtill enjoy. What has paſt will make our Enjoyments more ſublime. The Lawrel is laden with Honour, when the Conqueror obtains the Victory thro' Difficulties. And ſweet Flowers are more fragrant that have grown with ill ſavour'd Weeds.

Flor. The

Flor. The Fruit will certainly be the ſweeter; our Joys are ripen'd to Perfection, I long to ſee the good Company meet, that we may enjoy the full Extent of our Felicity.

Enter Wiſeman *and* Wealthy, Friendlove, Candia, Sprightly, Clara, Conſtant *and his Wife; ſeveral other Gentlemen, Ladies and Attendants.*

Enter on the other Side, meeting them, Bonona, Valentine *and* Florida.

Bon. How came you ſo happily together?

Weal. We met all unanimouſly to wait on you.

Val. A *Roman* Conduct was never ſo well manag'd; and a more beautiful Appearance was never made by all the Graces.

Weal. I hope you all know what our Intentions were of coming here, therefore let's loſe no Time in Compliments, but fall to the Work roundly; I ſuppoſe, *Valentine,* you have provided a Prieſt.

Val. I have ſo, and Parſon *Love-pudding* will never be backward to do his Office ——— But let's have a Dance firſt. Now, *Florida,* my Joys are full, I have all I hope, and more than I could wiſh.

With Difficulty 'tis we gain the Fair,
But the Poſſeſſion doubly pays the Care.

Flor. I grant, that my Suſpicions were unjuſt,
But Falſhood in Mankind makes Maids diſtruſt.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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